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The Missionary survey



THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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The Missionary Survey's Campaign

:: :: For 50,000 Subscribers :: ::

"TO CLIMB OR NOT TO CLIMB"

Jack decides to climb—to ignore the pangs of outrageous fortune and to gain the consummation devoutly to be wished. While, like Hamlet, he mused on the roof and dreamed of the happy day when 50,000 subscriptions may be entered upon the books, a great resolve came in his heart to climb—more than ever it seized his spirit.

Now we hope it will get in his legs and animate his tawny wrists.

Of course, the only way to get it there is for the hundreds of churches which have never gotten on the Honor Roll (by securing an average of one subscription to every five members) to get very busy and see that the Missionary Survey is landed in every home.

But here again is the "rub." It is hard to get "a church" busy on a matter like this. The thing must be taken up by one person with a few helpers and PUSHED for all it is worth. Poor church indeed that has not one or more spirits in it sufficiently concerned about the great missionary causes to work for a circulation of the Church's one and only missionary magazine.

There is no telling what can be accomplished when one dauntless spirit takes hold of the enterprise. A case in point is the First Church, of Richmond, whose name is enrolled at the foot of this page—a large city church; one of the kind for whom the Honor Roll is considered by many as unattainable. The Session had proposed to subscribe "in a lump" for enough magazines to put one in every home, but it was thought by some that might not be a wise policy; then "came up to the help of the Lord" a devoted woman (her name she positively forbids to be published). About eight months ago she set out upon her task; it looked at times as impossible, but she persisted; she took some time from each week—and visited and visited until she had actually seen every prospective possible subscriber. Slowly but surely climbed her list, and as it climbed so Jack climbed locally until (locally) he mounted the top of the pole and fixed his circulation banner on the tip of 50,000. She had won; it was a superb achievement, and the Missionary Survey congratulates and thanks her, as it does this day every other devoted spirit who has labored in this particular work of circulation all over the Church.

Is your church's name on the Honor Roll? Here are six new names added during the past month: two in Georgia, two in North Carolina, one in South Carolina, and one in Virginia:

MENLO, GA.

SUMMERVILLE, GA.

GREENWOOD, S. C.

RUFFINE, N. C.

ST. PAUL'S, N. C.

FIRST CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.



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AMERICA - A FIELD - A FORCE

HOME MISSIONS

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HURT BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

MISS ELEANORA A. BERRY, LITERARY EDITOR
HURT BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

Our August Topic: Problems---Social, Religious, Industrial.

HOME MISSIONS—A DEMONSTRATION.

ARGUMENTS for Home Missions are not wanting to thoughtful people. One most frequently employed is investment and dividends. Appeals for Home Missions are based upon need—calling from every section of our great country. Dull ears may not hear and callous souls may be indifferent, but the spiritually sensitive are moved with compassion like the Master to adequate response.

The last Assembly had, however, a practical demonstration of successful achievement in Home Missions. Tuesday evening, May 21st, was Home Mission night, and no one who was present will ever forget that scene and its impressions. The souls of men were thrilled as never before. The universal verdict rendered and reiterated was: "This was the greatest missionary meeting ever held in the history of the Church." If the entire Church could have witnessed that demonstration, no further argument would be needed and no further appeal necessary.

The outstanding evidence was the fact that the Assembly was holding its sessions in a magnificent church, which but recently was a small mission with a dilapidated building, cracked and condemned as dangerous. For some years it had been helped by the Executive Committee from its Sustentation funds. Yet here was the Assembly and a vast congregation observing Home Mission night in a building which cost \$30,000, modern in its appointments, beautiful in appearance, and with a membership of 400 communicants. The choir which led the music by invitation was from the Coalgate church, where some years ago the Secretary of Home Missions, after canvassing a whole day, failed to find

a Presbyterian; and yet after a week's special services an evangelist organized a church with twenty-nine members, whose church building was dedicated by the Secretary, and in which the Synod of Oklahoma was afterward splendidly entertained.

Nearby was Hugo, a town of 5,000 people, which sprang up like magic, and where we organized lately a church with four members, now grown to nearly 200, and which subscribed a few weeks ago for a new building \$25,000, seven men each giving \$1,000. These three, Durant, Coalgate and Hugo, were a demonstration of the possibilities of Oklahoma before the eyes of the Assembly, and each giving a good account of the Home Mission funds expended on them.

A special feature was the chorus singing of the colored delegation, in a white church, in a town which some years ago drove out by force its entire colored population. The large audience was captivated by their singing, and they were called back again and again, as the people seemed never to tire of their quaint songs and inspiring melodies. Here was an exhibition of the work of the Snedecor Memorial Synod, which though small is getting its grip upon the heart of our great Church.

Next came specimens of the Indian missions. The Goodland School, under the leadership of Rev. Silas Bacon, rendered several songs in English. Then certain members of Indian Presbytery, assisted by full-blood Choctaw Indian women, sang for the Assembly in their native tongue, which touched every heart. Among their number was an Indian who had recently subscribed \$1,000 to the building of the Hugo

church for whites, of which he is an honored officer and a devoted member.

The whole program was leading up to its climax in the presentation of the claims of Oklahoma Presbyterian College for Indians and whites, where they are educated on equal footing. Mr. Semple, a Choctaw Indian lawyer, who received his early education in this institution at the time it was co-educational, made an earnest plea for his alma mater, which was followed by brief addresses from Rev. Herman Jones, pastor of the church, and Dr. James I. Vance, Moderator of the Assembly, urging enlargement for the college. The Assembly unanimously and heartily commended

the raising of \$60,000 for the college, one-half from Oklahoma and the other from the Church at large, for the wiping out of its bonded indebtedness and the better equipment of the institution, doubling its capacity and usefulness. The Commissioners left with nothing but praise and best wishes for this great missionary institution, justly regarded as without a rival in the State. So ended the greatest missionary meeting that ever inspired and electrified an Assembly—a practical demonstration of the marvelous success of Assembly's Home Missions, the Assembly itself being judge.

THE MINER.

BERTON BRALEY.

Grimy and caked with dust of coal he stands,
Grasping his pick within his mighty hands;
The arbiter of destiny and fate,
Greater by far than king or potentate.

Shops may not run except at his behest,
At forge and blast his strength is manifest.

The rolls that rumble and the shears that scream

And all the million miracles of steam

Depend on him for fuel that will turn
The wheels that urge them and the belts that churn.

Guns that will shatter fortresses of steel,
Ships that will plow the waves on steady keel

Bearing munitions for an army's need
Must wait the miner's orders and take heed

That he who toils within the coal mine's murk

Gives them the coal with which they do their work.

Behind the men who battle in the trench
There stand the workmen at the lathe and bench.

But back of them and master of them all
The miner stands and holds the world in thrall.

Not soon again shall any man forget
How much the world is in the miner's debt,
For we shall read upon fame's honor roll,
"He won the war—his labor gave us coal!"
—From "*Coal Age*."

IN A WEST VIRGINIA MINING TOWN.

MRS. AGNES ROGERS BOULDIN.

WHENEVER my thoughts carry me back eight months to the time when I said goodbye to my friends and the big city to go into the mountains of West Virginia as a Home Missionary, I smile at my own expense at the contrast between the anticipation and the realization. When the offer came to me last summer the letter said only that I would have headquarters at a mining town on Paint Creek, called Burnwell. Speculation and imagination had to fill in the details. I had read that most of the labor in the

mining towns of West Virginia was imported and largely Hungarian, which was a real disappointment, as my interest had always been with the native mountaineers. But I felt that the greatness of the need, not the attractiveness of the field, should be the determining factor, and so, with somewhat the feelings of a martyr, early October saw me headed for West Virginia.

The glory of the autumn coloring threw a halo around even the most unattractive of the many little mining towns we passed through on our way up Paint Creek, and

not even the very dilapidated railway coach and the falling rain could quite counteract the effect of the beauty of the mountains which rose steep on either side.

Burnwell proved a happy surprise; no squalid hovels, no foreigners eyeing a stranger askance, no coal dust covering everything; but rather an attractive little town of neat little houses, all painted gray and white, occupied by families composed, it would appear, mainly of children, and practically all descendants of the original mountaineers. The different sections extend up into the coves, and bear such interesting names as "Frogtown," "Pecktown," "Legtown," "Tin-Can Alley" and "Sandy City."

Instead of being suspicious and shiftless and unresponsive as I had feared, I found the people quick to respond, affectionate, energetic, enthusiastic and ambitious, and at the same time independent and in some cases self-sufficient. The homes are fairly comfortable, but entirely unattractive, and there is practically nothing in the nature of diversion, entertainment or amusement for the children and young people, there being only the "company store" in the town, and a barn-like structure dignified by the appellation "show house," where an occasional picture show is held. The people do not visit each other, and are almost wholly unacquainted with one another.

I found in Burnwell a splendid work being done by Rev. J. E. Healy, who is

greatly beloved and is universally known as "Grandpa." His work is much in the nature of a "circuit rider," preaching and holding meetings from place to place, his charges being widely scattered. He conducts services in this town two Sundays in the month, and on other Sunday nights we have a simple Bible reading and prayer meeting.

In our Sabbath school we now have four classes, equipped with teachers, the older girls' class having an enrollment of thirty-eight and an average attendance of about twenty-five, with the boys' class running in close competition.

On Tuesday night we have a "picture show," made possible by Mr. Healy's balopticon, when we show pictures or flowers or bugs or butterflies brought by the little ones, have Bible drills and sing songs, often practicing new ones to be sung on Sunday. The attendance at the "picture show" increased to such an extent that the little community room would not accommodate the crowds, so we have been compelled to exclude all but the children under fifteen.

For the older girls there is a social evening once a week at the teacher's home, and the teacher of the boys entertains *them* in like manner. We have very recently organized a C. E. Society, and the energy, enthusiasm and ability displayed there would put some of our city societies to shame. The leader appointed for the first meeting met me early Monday morning



Sandy City.



Future Americans at Burnwell.

with the news that she had her program all made out for the following week, even to the selection of the hymns, and was then on her way around to the homes of various members, advising them of the part they were to have in the meeting. During the first month of their existence they gave an ice cream supper, which netted over \$30, with which they are planning to buy new song books for the church

and a communion set for Mr. Healy. It is not surprising that such progressive young people should already have organized a Junior Society for the younger children.

The people respond beautifully to every legitimate appeal made to them. The last Home Mission collection taken in the Sabbath school amounted to \$12.59, and another for the relief of the suffering children in the War Zone, taken on the same day, amounted to \$12.48.

The coal company is putting up a fine Y. M. C. A. building and employing a Secretary to have charge of that work, who will be on the field this summer. The building is to be open to us for our meetings—a vast improvement over the dingy little school-room where we have been meeting.

And so the prospects for Burnwell are very bright. In the past few months many of the young people have come out with an open confession of Christ. They are being trained for service in the various organizations, and we are confidently looking forward to yet greater things; but there are countless mining towns just like Burnwell where there is not even a preaching service on Sunday, and nothing being done for the boys and girls to teach them of their Saviour and of the better life he longs to lead them into; and it is for these neglected places that I would ask for the prayers and the assistance of God's people. You will not find a needier field, nor a more fruitful one, in all the Master's vineyard.

Burnwell, W. Va.

NEED IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY.

MRS. ELIZABETH R. NEAL.

SUMMER weather is here at last, and the mountains are humming with the sound of machinery and the voices of the men, as the trees are being felled and the lumber sawed and made ready for use, and the coal mined and shipped out. Our industries vary. There are three saw-mills, a number of logging camps and twenty-two coal mines within a ten-mile radius.

New homes are constantly being built and more people coming in. The population is constantly changing, which makes it hard to do any permanent work.

The people as a whole seem contented and happy. Work is plentiful and wages are good. Most of the coal companies furnish their people good houses to live in. Some of the men make big wages digging coal. Few of them save any money. They

"live out" all they make. We have a good many foreigners of different nationalities, and I'm told that as a general thing they make the best of workmen. They are industrious, honest and contented.

Most of the people dress well. Silk is the favorite material for the women's dresses. The miners quit work at 4 P. M. and the mill men at 6 P. M. Then the men dress and they and their families have a social time until night. To see them in their best clothes, you would never think they were miners and mill men.

The people are extremely good to me. They invite me to their homes for meals, and send and bring me lots of things to eat, but few of them are really interested in the spiritual part of my work.

Some of the homes I'm in are nicely

furnished, with beautiful rugs, couches, pianos and curtains, but the majority of the houses are scantily furnished, dirty, and anything but attractive in looks.

The sanitary condition of all the lumber and mining towns could and should be improved. In some of the camps the water supply is inadequate and is not pure. Some of the people use the river water for all purposes, without boiling or filtering it.

There are hosts of children everywhere, and most of them are bright and bad. Few of the parents seem interested in trying to educate their children, and not half attended school last winter. However, the schools are not as good as they should be, as the salaries paid are so small they do not attract the best teachers. Last year some of the schools were vacant because no teachers could be secured.

The school-houses are usually built where there is no shade and little room for the children to play. Here in Clothier the school children have to play in the street, and when the roads are at all passable, automobiles are constantly going to and fro. The roads are scarcely more than trails, but we hope in time to have them better.

As yet no social entertainment has been furnished by the companies for their peo-

ple. The picture show, pool-room and ice cream parlor are the attractions. We used to be annoyed by Sunday baseball, but there is no longer room for a baseball diamond. Every available spot has a house or a "war garden" on it.

We are in great need of a church here at Clothier. We have to hold our Sunday school and other services in an upstairs room in the dilapidated school-house. The stairway is outside and unprotected, and in winter it is usually covered with ice or snow, making it dangerous to use it.

Our Sunday school and other services are not very well attended, but most of those who do attend seem greatly interested. We have two brothers who have not missed a day from Sunday school since I organized eight years ago. We began at that time to use Little's Cross and Crown System of Rewards, and they have won every pin, wreath and bar given by that system for eight years' regular attendance.

We do need badly more Christian workers in these fields. We could get the workers if we had the money to pay them, but although money is plentiful here, it would be hard to make up very much money for missionaries' salaries. Please pray for the Lord's work and his workers in these mining towns of West Virginia.

Clothier, W. Va.

GOOD WORK AT NEWLAND, N. C..

IN August, 1917, a church was organized at Newland, N. C., where Rev. Charles B. Boyles is pastor. Do you know what was one of the first things they did?

Why, institute a canvass for THE MISSIONARY SURVEY, of course.

In a short time they had the magazine in eight homes, and so, as the new church only has twenty-eight members, this more than puts it on the Honor Roll.

Such a splendid beginning! This church will be familiar with missions, and such familiarity means growth.

To show that they realized the value of missionary training, a copy of THE SURVEY was taken by the Little Helpers, whose picture appears on this page. Just notice the bright faces of these young people. Their pastor writes that they read THE SURVEY eagerly, and those who can't read

have it read to them. Now, the baby in front, we suppose, is about the youngest Home Mission worker in the mountains.

We congratulate Newland and the Little Helpers.



The Little Helpers.



The Trees and The Master.

Into the woods my Mas-
ter went.

Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Mas-
ter came.

Forspent with love and
shame.

But the olives were not
blind to Him.

The little gray leaves
were kind to him:

The thorn-tree had a mind
to him

When into the woods He
came.

Out of the woods my Mas-
ter went.

And He was well content.

Out of the woods my Mas-
ter came.

Content with death and
shame.

When Death and Shame
would woo Him last.

From under the trees
they drew Him last:

'Twas on a tree they slew
Him—last

When out of the woods
He came.



—*Sidney Lanier*

GETTING LUMBER FOR AEROPLANES.

REV. J. F. MENIUS.

SPRUCE, the best timber for the air machines, grows high up in the air. Popularly known as balsam, it is found on the sides of the mountains at from one-half to one mile in height. It is a soft wood, yet very durable, and so pliable that a board may be bent into a hoop without breaking it. It grows very tall, and is free from limbs and knots, so that a piece may be cut forty or fifty feet long, perfectly clear, and following the grain of the wood.

Usually the higher the mountains are the steeper will be their sides. When we look at the trees far up on the sides of the hills we are likely to conclude that they will not be worth the getting out of a place like that. I shall take you on a little trip up to the trees and follow the logs into the mill.

You are awakened by the dreadful din of a sledge hammer beating against a piece of railroad iron that has been suspended by wire. That is reveille. As you turn down the blankets you may be wondering just how thick the ice is the first of June. Then you remember that you are at Camp 12, which is about a mile above sea level. It will not take you long to dress, because there is danger of missing breakfast, especially noted for its coffee. Afterwards the men begin pouring out of the shacks for the day's work. What a lusty lot of fellows! Clad in overalls with thick woolen shirts and cutters that reach to the knees, they are the picture of strength. Carrying saws, axes and "grabs," they climb the narrow trail that leads to the top. You wonder why you cannot walk up those slick

logs as they do, until you notice sharp corks about an inch long in the bottom of their cutters.

At last the timber is reached and you are glad to sit down and take a few good breaths while the woodmen are selecting the trees, which are all felled down the hill. The few top branches are lopped and the logs "nosed," that is, sharpened a bit so they will slide. Then they are raised and given a little start, and away they go to the nearest hollow. This is called "ball-hooting."

Sometimes a short level place is found and horses are used to get the logs to the slide. The horses are hitched to the front log, another log is fastened to that one by means of the grabs, and another to that one until sometimes one team starts a dozen logs, all arranged in tandem form. After they are started they are likely to run and the horses would be in danger, were it not for little places dug out *up* the hill, which the horses are run into as the logs slide on down the hill. These dug-outs, or "jay-holes," as they are called, are often very close together, depending of course upon the slope. The horses soon learn to outrun the logs and "take cover," whether the driver is along or not. The double-trees are so fixed that when the horses "jay" they are released from logs. The horses cannot come up the way you did, but must be brought around the road. Even then it is hard to get the horses up the rough places, and they have to be carefully and specially shod.

The skidder work and the slides are the most interesting of all. The slides are



Camp Number Twelve.



A skidder which brings logs several miles through the air.

built like a huge trough. The logs are placed on the slide, one immediately behind the other, until from ten to fifty are ready. They are not fastened together as when drawn by the horses, and instead of hitching to the front log, the steel cable is fastened to the rear log, which pushes the others. If the slide is a little wet, the logs run fine and often run on and leave the rear or chain log. Where the grade is too steep, steel spikes are inserted in the bottom of the slide to check the logs as they run through them. Bark and long shavings are tossed into the air as a heavy log runs over this steel, but the log slows down and brings safety to the men and the slide. Occasionally the front log strikes something and tears open the slide. Then it will get cross-wise and all the other logs will strike it and jump out, one right after another like sheep jumping a fence. When this occurs it is not a good time to ask the loggers any foolish questions!

The logs are now about a mile from the stump, and it may be another mile to the log train where they are loaded. The skid-

der we have been talking about is called a ground skidder because it pulls the logs either in a slide or on the ground. When the first landing is reached at the ground skidder, they are picked up by an "overhead" skidder, which lifts them from the ground and pulls them in on a cable. A large overhead cable carries a "buggy" with several "chokers" to hold the logs. This is driven to the upper landing, the chokers are dropped over a pulley, the logs fastened and swung up into the air. The bell-boy gives the signal, the rehaul is started, and the cable is wound on the large drum at the skidder as the logs come dangling through the air. Usually five or six logs are pulled together. Often they come across a valley nearly a hundred feet from the earth, but generally they are not so high. They are dropped at the lower landing right beside the log train.

A loader placed upon one of the log cars begins to pick up the logs and place them on the train. It works almost as if it had intelligence—all credit to the inventor. The shrill whistle of the Shay engine—one whose wheels are driven by cogs—is heard and down the mountain goes the log train to the mill twenty miles away. Unloading is no task at all. The cars are pushed upon a siding beside the pond, the bumpers are let down on that side, and the logs roll off into the water. After swimming across the pond, the logs are caught by another chain, which pulls them up a slide into the mill. Steam "niggers" kick them upon the carriers, and almost before you are past the saw the first log has been converted into lumber. Roller-chains catch the lumber and carry it to different parts of the mill for trimming and grading.

Now for a few side observations. The men seem to enjoy their work. They soon learn to do it most skilfully. A man who hooks tongs for the loader seems to throw them and they grab the log in the right place as if they were human. There is little sickness among the men. No wonder, with the water they have to drink, the fine air and the good food. If your appetite is not good, go to the woods. Mr. Hoover doesn't know *how much* they eat, although they follow his orders to the letter. They all get good pay. A man who drives a team gets a larger salary than *the preacher*. And lastly, the past year has made a sad change; instead of men of all ages in the camps, as a year ago, we see mostly old men and beardless boys. Another sad tale of the war!

Crestmont, N. C.

A FOREST HYMN.

The Groves were God's first temples. Ere
man learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the archtrave,
And spread the roof above them, ere he
framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling
wood.

Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

—William Cullen Bryant.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE ARMY CAMPS.

REV. TRIGG A. M. THOMAS,

Camp Pastor, Camp Doniphan and Fort Sill.

MOST of the religious organizations in the United States are doing some kind of work among the soldiers. Special representatives of most churches are located where our soldiers are gathered together in the United States and some workers have been sent "over-sea."

People of "all faiths" and people of "no faith" in God and Christ agree that this is the time of special need and opportunity to do something worth while for the young men of our nation and of the world. All that is needed to convince any conscientious, Godly person of the opportunity and obligation resting upon the Church to help make the religious life of our soldiers what it should be, is for him to *actually* and *actively* go and work among them.

The Program of Our Own Church.—One year ago Dr. Wells, Moderator of the 1917 Assembly, started a movement for the spiritual welfare of our soldiers, which resulted in the "War Work Council" with Dr. J. I. Vance, our Assembly's present Moderator, as chairman. Local War Work Councils were formed in all camp cities, and by June 1st of this year about \$50,-

000 had been received from churches and individuals for the work, nine Ford cars purchased, and fifteen Camp Pastors placed. More Camp Pastors are being placed as sufficient funds are received for salary and equipment. On May 17, 1918, the Durant Assembly unanimously approved the work and passed a strong resolution calling upon the Church to contribute \$100,000 with which to carry it on and designated the fourth Sunday in October as the day for the offering to be made.

What the Camp Pastor Does.—He labors under the direction of the Local War Work Council, and in harmony with the Y. M. C. A. and other religious forces at work in and around the camps. He becomes familiar with the camp and camp conditions, and is in a position to strengthen and help the local church do more for the soldiers. He receives and answers many letters from relatives and friends about the soldiers and the work. He secures the names and locates the soldiers from Presbyterian and other families and brings them in touch and membership with the church. He preaches outside and inside the camp, and does much personal work; visiting and

praying with the men in their quarters. He ministers to the sick in the hospitals and comforts the relatives and friends when death calls their loved ones away. He renders valuable service to relatives and friends who come to visit the soldiers. He is pastor to thousands of men who are away from home and home church, just as the local church minister is pastor to the people at home. He has opportunity in a most unusual way to reach men with the gospel of Christ, and get them saved and into the Church. He administers the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the soldiers. Of course, the success of the work depends largely upon the man who is Camp Pastor, and upon those with whom he is associated in the work.

No Competition Nor Duplication of Effort.—The Y. M. C. A. and Army Chaplains realize that they are not in a posi-

tion to meet the need and do the work of Camp Pastors. So as a general rule they welcome and help the Camp Pastor in his work. He also helps the Chaplains and Y. M. C. A. strengthen the morale of the Army by building up the religious life of the soldiers. But in addition to this he emphasizes the Church of the living God and brings the men and the Church together and thus helps make the future life of our nation and the world "safe for democracy." Next to the home is the Church. And that which will make our own and every nation strong and great is for our men to have a proper conception of home and Church. This is what the Camp Pastor gives them. The work is for our soldiers. May all the members of our Southern Presbyterian Church be for our soldiers by supporting the work.

Lawton, Okla.

AMONG OUR FOREIGN SOLDIERS.

ALTHOUGH not a Camp Pastor, Rev. J. A. Kohout, our Bohemian minister in Prince George County, Va., has been doing splendid service in Camp Lee, and writes most interestingly of the day by day incidents in his work. He is a splendidly educated man and an accomplished linguist, and his services have been in constant demand as interpreter. We quote from a letter received recently:

"My work consists of visiting both the sick and the healthy individuals in the camp hospital. Also visiting in different homes, selling and distributing Bibles and other Christian literature in different languages. Then I preach in two little churches and two out stations. Besides this, I try to help our people in numerous ways—in legal, educational, political, medical, national, social and religious matters—as interpreter.

Now as every other Sabbath my appointment is to preach in our church building which is situated not very far from Camp Lee. I have usually quite a number of soldier boys from the camp at my Bohemian services; and as all of them do not understand my Bohemian language, I am compelled to bring my whole American vocabulary into service and try to tell them in broken language at least in substance what I spoke about to my Bohemian congregation. Sometimes they themselves ask me to do this for them, and they are very thankful, too, for any spiritual help they get from me.

When the services are over we invite them to go into our different families and to partake with us in our lunches. I have

thus another good chance to talk with our soldier boys about their spiritual welfare, and we let them feel among us something of the homelike spirit, because some of them are quite homesick.

Once there were two men brought from DuPont Powder Company to Petersburg Hospital, and they were very sick. No one in the hospital could find out even to what nationality they belonged. Finally I came there and the doctor brought me to them. I tried many different Slavic dialects in vain; at last I tried to speak to them in German, and one of them knew a little German, so I found out from where they were and all about their families, who were in Europe. Both were married and fathers of three and four children. How glad they were that somebody came with whom they were able, after many painful days, to speak even a few words. Afterwards I brought them some Christian literature in their Roumanian tongue. They thanked me for it with tears coursing down their cheeks.

In Camp Lee were many foreigners—I think more than in any other of our military camps—who were not able to speak anything in the American language. The doctors and nurses were sometimes in quite a predicament, not knowing how to explain matters to such patients, or how to make them understand about their orders. When I was there I tried to help the patients as well as the wardmasters and nurses by interpreting. Naturally, they were very glad and I had the privilege from the head officer of the hospital to go through any time I could. Once I came across a ward where

I did not see any one sick. I wondered and went through looking for some Slavic boy. I asked the authorities what kind of patients there were in this ward. They told me that in this ward were kept such as seemed to be weak-minded. Well, I found there a certain Russian, with whom I spoke a while, and did not find anything of insanity, only that he knew absolutely nothing of the English language. There was nobody with whom this fellow was able to speak. Of course, he did not know why he was kept there, and he was very anxious to go out as soon as possible, and rather go into training than to be confined in such an isolated place. He asked me to tell the officer about it, either to let him go home or to the military service. He was tall and strong, a fine looking fellow. He told me that it was worse for him here than the jail in Siberia, because he is trained to

work hard. It was something terrible for this man to be here, not able to speak with anybody, and have no employment whatever. I think he was discharged soon after this. The next time I was there he was gone.

"Now, since that time there have been discharged from Camp Lee about one thousand foreigners, because they were not American citizens. I have not now so much to do in the camp. Those who are foreigners there at present can speak the American language pretty well, and they do not need any interpreter.

"We also try to help our soldier boys with whom we are acquainted in other camps, through correspondence. There are so many ways now open to us for spreading the gospel truths so that we are kept very busy all the time."

Meadow, Va.

BOOK REVIEW.

FRONTIER MISSIONARY PROBLEMS. *By Bruce Kinney, D. D.* Revell & Company. Illustrated. Pp. 249. \$1.25.

This is one of the most readable books published in recent years. The author is well known to the public, and especially to friends of missions by his excellent treatise on "Mormonism, the Islam of America." Readers of his other publications will welcome this new product of his experience and thought.

The wrongs of the Indians, the menace of Mormonism, the admixture of Spanish Americans and the problems of the frontier are interestingly treated, while the concluding chapter discusses the solution. That

which characterizes and renders invaluable this discussion are the salient facts arrayed and presented. Missionary information abounds and "feathers for arrows" are plentiful. Beautiful illustrations and striking charts add to its value and assist the memory.

Home Mission study classes in search of fresh material on familiar topics will find inspiration in its pages, and they will make no mistake in adopting it as a text book. Christian people interested in the evangelization of our own country, and in the practice of Christian ethics towards dependent people will find incentive to noble effort in the fundamental cause of Home Missions

FOES WITHIN AND FOES WITHOUT.

IT has been a matter of pride and the boast of the United States that she could welcome all who come to her shores and make loyal Americans out of them. We have been too optimistic in this respect. America has awakened to the fact that she has foes within her borders.

The Church has long discussed her "foes within." Indifference, love of ease, worldliness, sometimes disloyalty—they have been many. But does the Protestant Church realize that some of our country's "foes within" are the Church's "foes without"? Not all America's foes are necessarily pro-German, though their warfare is just as insidious, just as dangerous as is that of an active German sympathizer.

Two religious faiths are waging a subtle warfare against the American government, each seeking for political control. One is a Christian faith, the other is baser than most pagan religions. These faiths are a menace to Christian America, a real danger to Protestantism in the United States, and probably the strongest enemies in the battle of the churches to hold America for Christ.

Mormonism has for years cloaked its designs in the guise of loyalty to the United States government, and yet its aim is domination and political power. Few are cognizant of the real power of this hierarchy, or know of its rapidly growing membership.

In his new book, "Frontier Missionary Problems," Dr. Bruce Kinney designates Mormonism as a national problem and a five-fold menace: A commercial menace—"the Church uses its enormous tithing fund to crush all business competition. It is an unlawful commercial combination which ought to be prosecuted under the anti-trust law for restraint of trade"; a social menace—"it is a festering sore that is eating its way throughout the entire social fabric of the nation"; a moral menace—"to speak the whole truth along this line would make it impossible to circulate this book through the United States mails"; a political menace—the Mormon Church dictates the policies of Utah and Idaho, and holds the balance of power in several other surrounding States, so that no man would expect election, if he knew the Mormon Church was opposed to him"; a religious menace—"the whole system is anti-Christian. * * * The fundamental doctrines of Mormonism are contrary to the Bible and every finer instinct of Christianity. * * * They say that Jesus Christ was 'not begotten of the Holy Ghost,' that he was a polygamist and had children."

Growing bolder each year, with a Mormon in the Senate and with Brigham Roberts, once expelled from Congress for polygamy, now appointed a chaplain in the army, they are no longer disclaiming polygamy as a doctrine, but are preaching it openly. There recently appeared in some of the metropolitan dailies, from the pen of Susan Young Gates, a daughter of Brigham Young, a series of articles which came out clearly and strongly in favor of polygamy. Mormons in England are making the war an argument for polygamy, as a reconstruction measure. The Mormon Ready Reference Book states: "Prohibition of polygamy is not only a prohibition of what nature permits in the fullest manner, but what she requires for the reparation of States exhausted by war."

Utah, one of our richest States, is left almost exclusively to the Mormons. Out of five hundred cities, towns and villages, less than one hundred have any Protestant Christian work. There are one hundred and twenty-one towns having a population of two hundred and over, and fifteen cities of one thousand population that have no established Christian church or Sabbath school.

But Mormonism is not confined to Utah. It is possible to travel by horseback from Alberta, Canada, to the interior of old Mexico, and pass every night beneath a Mormon roof. Its missionaries are working throughout the South. That they are not idle in the North is shown by the fact that there is a stretch of territory in the northern peninsula of Michigan, in which there are eight towns with no Protestant

or Catholic church or Sabbath school. The only missionary work carried on is that of the Mormons, "who are the most aggressive missionary body in Michigan." This statement was made by a Protestant minister who has recently completed a religious survey of the State.

Since the war they have added six hundred missionaries to their previous eighteen hundred laboring in our land. An active Lutheran missionary worker was asked recently by some one making an investigation, whether the Mormons were doing any work in her community. She replied that she did not know of any. The investigation revealed that it was honeycombed with Mormon workers, and that among other girls who had been persuaded to go to Utah as plural wives was a member of her own congregation. Mormon missionaries receive no pay for their labors, and a wealthy Methodist church was horrified recently to learn that in their highly paid soprano soloist they were supporting a Mormon missionary.

But with all that can be said about Mormonism it is not so powerful, nor so potential in possible harm, as is the Roman Catholic Church. Pope Leo said to a body of young priests about to embark for the United States that Protestant indifference was their opportunity.

Every Protestant has friends in the Roman Church. All have known of splendid Christians in that body. America's quarrel with Rome is because of her determination to obtain political power; her opposition to a free press, free speech, and the public schools. Disloyalty may be found in all denominations, but we must realize that any Church which demands political fealty of its members is a real danger, should the higher powers of that Church throw their power and influence against the government of our country.

It is necessary to guard against intolerance, and credit must be given to Catholics and Protestants alike who are sacrificing their time, their money, their strength and their lives for their country and for humanity. In the desire to serve, many Catholics and Catholic churches are showing a splendid spirit of co-operation and Christian fellowship, as when the Marist Fathers of Atlanta extended to the Young Women's Christian Association the use of their lovely campus for entertainments for the soldiers.

But the Evangelical churches of the country must also realize the obligation upon them to foster and build up such a vital, living, free Christianity that every newcomer to America, every member of any church in America, shall be brought to know Christ as a personal Saviour, and may obey his command to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

CAN YOU TELL?

1. In what way was the work of the Home Mission Committee forcefully presented to the General Assembly?
2. How is one coal mining company demonstrating its interest in its employees?
3. What splendid record in Sabbath school attendance has been made by two brothers in a mining town?
4. Among what class of men does one of our missionaries find a splendid sphere of service?
5. What new opportunity for Christian service is open to the churches to-day?

6. How is one of our "foreign missionaries" doing his big bit in serving our country?
7. Why are Mormonism and Romanism more dangerous to our nation than such false faiths as Christian Science and Russellism?
8. What missionary has found opportunity to work for her colored brothers and sisters as well as those of her own race?
9. What is one reason we can buy canned vegetables about as cheaply as we can put them up at home?

SENIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1918.

Prepared by Miss Eleanora Andrews Berry.

Let us lift up the slogan from river to sea;
To Americans all let it say—
One call, as it throbs o'er the land of the
free—
"Our country God's country" for aye!

On prairies, down valleys where great rivers
run,
And far, where the mountains rise gray,
Ring it on to the land of the westering
sun—
"Our country God's country" for aye!

PROBLEMS THAT MUST BE SOLVED BEFORE "OUR COUNTRY" CAN BE GOD'S COUNTRY.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Hymn—The Fight is On—Assembly Songs. 2. Prayer—That the spirit of Christ may rule in the hearts of men, and that his principles may govern the relations between employers and employed, in our country. 3. Bible Reading—Labor and Capital—
(a) Why?
(b) Laws governing—Exodus 20:10; Lev. 25:6; Deut. 24:14.
(c) Some sociological observations—Eccles. 1:8; 2:4-11; 3:9-13; 5:8-14, 19.
(d) A rule that is always in force—Psalm 128:1-2. 4. Conditions in Mining Camps. 5. Reading—The Miner. 6. More Men Who Are Helping to Win the War. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Reading—The Trees and the Master. 8. A New Problem. 9. Dangers Within. 10. Hymn—A Little Bit of Love—Assembly Songs. 11. Prayer—That the Church of Christ may be such a vital, virile force in our nation's life that these problems may be solved and dangers overcome, and our country may become God's country, for aye. <p>Notes:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. Give our references in advance, and call for by title. 4, 6, 8, 9. Articles in this issue. 9. Send ten cents for leaflets to Home Mission Office, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga. |
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"What must we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The Brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What must we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be full of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea?"

March we forth in the strength of God, with the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of Love may shine throughout the world;
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea."



LITTLE BROTHER HYMN.

If every little child could see
 Our Saviour's shining face,
 I think that each one eagerly
 Would run to his embrace.

Though black the hand, red, brown or white,
 All hearts are just the same;
 Each one is precious in his sight,
 Each one he calls by name.

And those who hear in every land,
 With loyal hearts and true,
 Will grasp some little brother's hand
 And lead him onward, too.

—Alfred R. Lincoln.

PROBLEMS IN THE MINING CAMPS.

MISS BELLE BREEDLOVE.

IT would be impossible to imagine the conditions which exist in a mining camp, unless you should spend some time in one; and, verily the problems which face the missionary are legion. Nowhere among the same number of people in a so-called civilized country, could one find any more ignorance, prejudice, suspicion, lawlessness, immorality and profanity. The

majority of the children *just grow*, having no ambitions, no ideals and practically nothing is done to train them for this life, or the next. The mothers themselves, nothing more than children in knowledge, and oftentimes in years, are criminally careless of the responsibility which rests upon them. The main ambition with the boys is to get old enough to work in the mines; and with the girls to marry those boys.

I know a boy who has just begun to work in the mines who, although there is school seven months each year, does not know how to read well enough to tell the difference between an advertisement and the rest of the reading matter in a paper. He took up one of my magazines, and pointing to a picture of an automobile with a conspicuous advertisement underneath, said, "Miss Breedlove, this is fine reading."

What am I to do for such? He is in the second grade in school, so I offered to lend him some Second Readers, and to help him any time he would come to me. I have subscribed for some of the best boys' magazines, and I select the best articles and read to the boys. I ordered a set of Structo, and have endeavored to get them interested in building various models with it. I have



Little sisters that Miss Breedlove is trying to help.

also some carpenter tools for their use. Recently we have undertaken a kind of Junior Boy Scouts, but I find a certain tough set quite jealous of the better class of boys; and just now the organization is at a standstill. There are about twelve who are interested and anxious to make something out of it.

For the girls I have sewing and crochet classes, and wanted to give some cooking lessons, but I may wait for them until after the war, because of the cost and scarcity of some things I would have to use. Am having the girls learn the Catechism and some Scripture verses.

I have few encouragements, but I take this as one. Two little boys, just four, were playing in my yard. One of them cursed. The other said, "Johnnie, stop that cussing. Miss Beelove says that you must not say Dod." I had told them that they must not take the name of the Lord in vain, and that just saying God, when one was not praying to Him or speaking of Him was taking His name in vain. I have never come in contact with such profanity as is here. The majority of the women are profane as well as the men, so what is one to expect of the children.

It is my desire to have a Mothers' Club, and I am hoping through it some of the women may be made to realize their responsibility to some extent at least, in the training and care of their children. The hope of this work is the children, and I am giving most of my attention to them.

I have a room eighteen by twenty-two, which I use as a reading club and play-



In a few years these boys will be working in the mines.

room. I am anxious to get a good circulating library for the use of the young people and children, and also some substantial toys for the smaller children.

I have recently organized a Christian Endeavor Society, and we have our devotional meetings on Sunday nights. At our second meeting we had about thirty or more in attendance. We also have a mid-week prayer meeting, and besides the regular Sabbath school, I go to the house of the only colored family in camp and have Sabbath school for them. The children there are learning the Catechism more readily than any of the white children, and know their lessons better.

Kettle Island.

"TIN CANS AND OTHER CANS."

MISS MARGARET APPLGARTH.

ONCE there was a boy named Jack who was always hungry. Boys often are! I dare say you get dreadfully hungry yourself every day; I'm sure your mother expects you to—that is why she spends so much time putting things up in glass jars to be eaten next winter. Jack's mother did that same thing, and she also bought a great many canned goods—tomato cans with pictures of juicy red tomatoes on the labels, sardine cans with silvery fishes on the labels, etc., etc. The day they came home from the store there were so many of them that she asked Jack to put them in neat rows on the pantry shelves. He worked all day, and that night he said to his mother, "I tell you what, mother, if it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have all those things ready for the winter, would you?"

"Well, of course, you did help a lot," his mother answered, "but so many other boys and girls helped, too, that you really are only one of about a hundred or so!"

Jack looked perfectly astonished. "Why, mother, there hasn't been another boy or girl in this house all day long! I did every speck of that work myself, honest Injun!"

She smiled at him as if she had a secret, then she went to the pantry and brought back a few tin cans and some oysters and cranberries. Putting them in a row on the table, she said: "Let's begin with the string beans, Jack. First of all, somebody picked them, and sent them to a canning factory. Then somebody there was told to string the beans, and I'm sorry to say that hundreds of little children helped do it.

They tell me that no machine that has ever been made can snip off the ends as well as the fingers of little boys and girls. Sometimes they are Italian boys and girls, only five or six years old. They get so tired working all day long. This tomato can has the same kind of a story to tell, of lots of little children under fourteen working, working, working."

"Don't they go to school?" asked Jack.

"Not every day, of course, for while there are vegetables to be canned the children are needed. Perhaps you can imagine how hard it would be to miss three or four months of school at a time. It makes them always behind. Now, here is a can of sardines which are canned in a factory in Maine by little Canadian children. Perhaps you never heard that sardines are caught in big nets called seines. Whenever a boatload of fish is brought in, a whistle blows. Then you ought to see the little children running from all directions! Perhaps some of them had been asleep, or playing—but whatever they were doing they must stop and run straight to the factories to begin their work of flaking off the fish scales. It isn't that it's such hard work, but children are entirely too young and tender to work so many, many hours at a time. Lots of the boys and girls are only nine years old. They can't get to school, either, so it means they will grow up rather stupid, and their tired backs will be bent and crooked all the rest of their lives."

"It's just horrid, isn't it?" Jack said.

"Indeed it is!" his mother agreed. "Now, here are some oysters. I wonder if you know they are not soft and watery down south in Florida when they are gathered. They grow in oyster banks, with rough, heavy shells all around them. Men gather cartload after cartload of oysters in their tough, bony shells, and take them to the factories, where little Polish children *shuck* them, which means taking off the hard shell so the soft, watery inside part of the oyster can be canned. They work all day until their fingers get swollen and bleeding from the broken shells. They only get five cents for a long day's work! They tell me some

of the children are only four or five years old, and once when some missionaries and other kind people tried to pass a law forbidding the canning factories from letting such tiny children work so hard, the factory owners said, 'Oh, well, it's not as if they were American children—for they're only little foreigners!'"

Jack looked rather mad. "My! what dreadful men they must be," he said.

His mother sighed. "The queer part about it is, I suppose they were very nice to their own boys and girls, perhaps they even went to church on Sundays; but, of course, something was very wrong in their hearts. They had no real love for Jesus there, or else they would have remembered he was the 'Friend of little children.' Now, here are the cranberries which we love to begin eating on Thanksgiving Day! Cranberries grow in bogs where there are lots of mosquitoes! Italian families pick the cranberries; and when I say families, I mean not only the mothers and fathers, but all their children, even down to the little baby! They all go out together in the early morning and pick, pick, pick, all day long! Red cranberries! Red cranberries! Red cranberries—day after day. They get so sick of them!"

When his mother stopped talking, Jack said: "I suppose there's a story about every tin can if we only knew it. I wish there was somebody who could help all those kids you've just been telling me about."

"Well," said his mother, "here are some other cans: Missionaries can, and I can, and you can! We can all help. Some day you will be old enough to vote, and then you can have some 'say' about these bad laws which let little children work. A Christian boy can always find ways to help the 'Friend of little children,' if he cares enough!"

Jack answered, "You bet he can!"

(This story is taken from "Junior Mission Stories," mentioned a month or two ago, as one of the best books of missionary stories for use in Sabbath schools and with Junior Missionary Societies.)

SIGHS AND SMILES.

ELSIE MALONE M'COLLUM.

If I could gather every sigh
That freights the breezes going by,
I'd lock them in a cell so tight
And lose the key from mortal sight.

If in one cave all smiles were kept,
I'd like to go, while their guard slept,
And open the door and set them free,
Till all the world would smiling be.

—*Epworth Era.*

JUNIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR AUGUST.

Prepared by Miss Eleanora Andrews Berry.

1. Hymn—Little Brother Hymn.
2. Prayer—That we may realize our obligation to grasp the hands of our little brothers and sisters in the mines and mills, and factories, and lead them out of their ignorance into the brightness of a knowledge of Christ.
3. Bible Reading—Mark 9:33-37; 10:13-15.
4. Two kinds of men who are helping us to win the war—
Who Work—Deep in the Ground.
High in the Air.
5. Children of the Mining Camps.
6. Tin Cans and Other Cans.
7. Reading—Sighs and Smiles.
8. Hymn—The Sweet Story—Assembly Songs, 144.
9. Prayer—That the people of our country may realize their sin, and pass laws freeing all children from the bondage of toil, and that our nation may no longer permit her sons and daughters to grow up in ignorance of God.

Notes:

1. To tune of Assembly Songs, 192 or 193.
4. Articles in Senior Department on Mining and Lumber Camps. Have one of the older children tell how these men are helping to win the war.

A STRANGE CURE FOR FEVER.

MISS Mabel Head tells the story of a visit to a Chinese temple one evening just about dark. Just as she and Miss Bennett entered there also entered a family of eight persons who had come to ask for the cure of their mother, who was very ill with a fever. First the family wrote out on a slip of paper all they could tell about the disease and placed it in an incense burner which was on an altar in front of three large images, at the sides of which were ten or twelve smaller images. This paper, together with some ghost money, was then burned to tell the gods in heaven about their troubles; they also told the priests the same story. The priests called out to heaven, becoming more and more excited. They beat drums and sounded bells until there was a din of noise. This was to call the attention of the gods to the needs of the family. Finally, the priests told them that heaven had heard and directed them to go into a dirty, dingy little room at the side. With candles and lanterns they be-

gan to look around the walls and on the floor and in the cracks. They were looking for some live creature. After a while they found three mosquitoes, which they put into a covered wine cup. This wine cup they put in a basket with some incense and some prescriptions. They bowed before the mosquitoes and dropped upon the floor two hollow pieces of wood. These pieces of wood fell with the hollow sides up, which was a good sign. The basket and the wood the worshippers carried home with them, and as they went they were calling to the spirits, so that the spirits might not get lost from them.

The travelers were told that when they finally reached home the mosquitoes were put under the patient's pillow, the incense was burned, and the prescriptions were given.

We wonder whether or not the patient recovered. Don't you think we should send the people of China some good physician?—Young Christian Worker.

FIGHTING DEMONS.

OLIVE LIPSCOMB.

DISEASE is one of the four great enemies of Soochow; and if you could go into the homes and see the little sick babies and go along the streets and see the poor weak old people, you would know how we need to fight this old demon. The Chinese try to fight it themselves, but they do not know how and use awful medicines made of insects and bones and other such things and stick hot needles into the sick

person to drive away the evil spirit that they believe is causing the pain. But they are coming to us by the thousand now, for they see that we know how to help them; and we are teaching them how to fight flies and mosquitoes and all dirt that carries germs, and making them see that what they call an evil spirit is only a disease that care and medicine will cure. So our two hospitals are full all the time, and our five



Llewellyn Gilbert Coppedge, aged twenty-one months, son of Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Coppedge, of Luebo, Belgian Congo. He is having a rather lengthy time learning his own language since he speaks more Baluba, knows a few words of Portuguese, a little French and occasionally indulges in a limited supply of English. However, he smiles in them all.

doctors are as busy as they can be, and hundreds of poor people come to the clinics and are treated free of charge. Let me tell you the story of a little boy who came to our hospital, for it will show you how we are fighting all four of these demons.

Wang Pau Pe was the only son of an only son, a very precious thing in China, where every family must have a son, and that is why they called him Pau Pe, which means "precious." When he was six years old, his father died of diphtheria, and Pau Pe himself had it badly. He was more precious to his old grandmother than ever after his father died, and she tried every treatment that the Chinese doctors could suggest to save her little grandson. But they all failed, and she was so afraid he would die that she put him and his mother on a house-boat and sent them into the city to the foreign doctor. When the poor little boy was examined, it was found that his back was crooked, and he had been suffering awful pain, not only from the poor back, but from the hundreds of needles that the Chinese doctors had stuck in to let out the evil spirit that they thought was making

his back crooked. The poor mother was distracted; for her little daughter had died when the husband did, and Pau Pe was all she had to love. She asked the doctor and nurse if they could do anything for her little son, and they said they could if she would let him stay at the hospital a whole year, but that it would take that long to straighten his back. At first the mother refused; but when she saw it was the only way her little boy could ever be well, she consented, and she stayed in the hospital ward with him for a whole year. The doctor put him on a little canvas cot without any pillow, so that his little back would be straight, and there he had to lie for eight months, day and night. But he was such a dear little fellow that he did not complain, but soon became the pet of the ward. The nurses amused him by giving him Olivet picture cards and teaching him the story of each picture and the Golden Texts. He soon knew many of them and would tell them to the other patients. Next he learned a simple little prayer and, after a while, the Lord's Prayer, and every night he would say one of them to the foreign nurse who loved him. He learned hymns, too. "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know" was his favorite, and he would lie and sing by the hour. Of course, the other patients heard all this, and more than one was led to Christ by the songs and stories of this little boy. His mother had been going to the Bible classes at the hospital, and she, too, became a Christian before the year was gone.

At last, after eight months on his cot and four more sitting up with a plaster cast on his little back, he was well enough to go back home. His mother bought a Bible as she was leaving, and Pau Pe wanted one, too, but she told him he might use hers. He insisted then that the hymn book was his; so his mother bought him a hymn book, and he took it into his little village home with him. He also took all the cards he had learned to love in the hospital and said he was going to tell all his little friends about them, and that when he grew up he was going to be a preacher. When he got home his old grandmother was so happy to see him well and strong; but when he tried to say his prayers and tell her his stories she was very angry and would not listen. So he would tell them to all his little friends and neighbors and teach them to sing the songs. One day his grandmother asked to see the book he had brought home with him, and she soon became interested and wanted to know more about what it meant. The neighbors would gather at their house, and they would all read and discuss the Bible, and the grandmother would say to little seven-year-old Pau Pe, "Now you think right hard and see if you

can remember what they taught you about this," and that tiny boy would try to teach them.

At last he and his mother came back to the hospital to see the doctor and nurse that had cured him. Pau Pe had not forgotten any of them, but ran to them and was so straight and well that it almost made the doctor cry to think of how weak he had been. And what do you think they wanted when they came to the hospital this time? They wanted a Bible woman to go out and live in their village and teach them about Jesus and explain all the things that they could not understand by themselves. But their home was far away from our work, and we did not have any one to send, and so we could only give them some more books and teach all we could while they

were here and let them go home to try to tell it to the others. That has been four years now, and Pau Pe is a big boy eleven years old, but we have never been able to send any one to live in that village.

The ending of my story is sad, isn't it, in spite of all the nice part that went before, and that is the hard part about our fight out here in Soochow. Sin and ignorance and poverty and disease are so strong that, no matter how hard we work, we cannot drive them away from all the people, but only from a few. So you must never forget that we are needing all the help you can give us in the fight by your money and your prayers and some day by coming yourselves, some of you, to help us in the battle.—By permission Woman's Missionary Council M. E. Church, South.

LUIS—A TRUE STORY OF RANCHES OF TAOS

BY ALICE HYSON.

LUIS lived two miles from the Mission School. He was eight years old when his parents allowed him to walk so far alone. He was not the brightest boy in school, but from the first he showed the spirit of a boy who would plod on.

Luis learned to read and write, and passed from one grade to another. He was the kind of a boy to be depended upon. He wasted no time in school, and always carried his books home to study in the evening.

I forgot to say that Luis had a round face, and black eyes which expressed truth. Our school motto is, "Tell the truth, no matter what the truth may be," and Luis did not forget this.

One morning I was busier than usual, and made no preparation for dinner. At noon I went to the school stove for coals to make fire in the kitchen stove, and thinking aloud, I said, "Luis, I have nothing to eat for dinner." In a few minutes

came a light tap at my door, and Luis handed me on the lid of his pail a part of his dinner.

Luis came to school every winter, but some years he came for only a few months. I remember one of the questions he asked me (I wanted the children to ask questions in the class that day). He wrote on paper: "Teacher, why did you leave your home and come so far away to this place to teach school?"

At last the day came when Luis was to quit school. A sad day it was for Luis and the teacher, for he had been in no other school in all his life.

And then the time came for Luis to marry. He came to tell me about it. He married a good woman, and how proud he is now to have me visit their home! He says he wants his children to have the same teaching that the Mission Schools give, and more, that he wants his teacher to be their teacher.—*Oversea and Land.*

JUNIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1918.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

Topic—Medical Missions.

Song—Children's Missionary Hymn.

Scripture Reading—Matt. 18:15-17.

Prayer—For the healing of the children in foreign lands.

Song—Selected.

Roll Call—Answer with the name of a missionary doctor or nurse.

Minutes.

Business.

Collection Song.

Offering.

Quiz—Do You Know Some Heathen Cures?

A. Strange Cure for Fever.

Fighting Demons.

Song—Jesus Loves Me.

Prayer—Closing with the Mizpah benediction.

SUGGESTIONS.

When the roll is called, have the children respond as though they were the doctor or nurse, and tell, not only where they are located, but give some interesting item about themselves.

Answers to Quiz will be found in the article, "The Practice of Medicine in Heathen Lands," in the current issue of The Survey.

Pray especially for our medical missionaries, and also, that God would put it into the hearts of some of our young doctors at home to volunteer for service in our needy fields.



REV. S. H. CHESTER, D. D., EDITOR, BOX 158, NASHVILLE, TENN.

MONTHLY TOPIC—MEDICAL MISSIONS.

WE give below the program for medical work in China as set forth in the report of the Conference Committee of the two China Missions, adopted at their meeting held in February last. We believe this program will commend itself to our people as practical and statesmanlike. We would call special attention to the feature of the program which proposes that hospitals should be limited in size, both because of the difficulty of manning large hospitals and because we look forward to the day when they may be turned over to the Chinese Church, which will not for a long time to come be financially able to operate large hospital plants.

There are only two other points, Taichow and Chinkiang, where it is proposed to open additional hospitals. Dr. Robert B. Price is now stationed at Taichow and should be furnished as soon as possible with funds to build a small hospital at that point. Our friends at Chinkiang are exceedingly anxious for a hospital, and the Executive Committee would be glad to give them one but for what seems the insuperable difficulty at the present time of finding enough medical men to take care of the hospitals that have already been established. We have little hope that this difficulty will be overcome while the war lasts. We do hope, however, that when the Germans fail in their present drive, as we believe they will, their people at home will begin to demand that there shall be an end of the sacrifices they have been called upon to make for a hopeless cause.

When the war is over, then we hope that large numbers of Christian doctors who have discovered how much happier life is to those who devote it in sacrifice for others than for those who follow their profession only for reputation and income, will come

forward and offer their services for the medical missionary work.

The Executive Committee is not planning to send out large additional reinforcements to our missions during the present year, but we will be exceedingly glad to receive the applications of four or five well qualified men for our medical work.

MEDICAL WORK IN OUR CHINA MISSIONS.

We believe that the China Missions should relate themselves to the great and pressing problems of medical work in China in the following ways:

(1) We approve of our missions continuing their co-operation in the most important problem of medical education, and the closest possible linking up with the splendid work of the Union Medical School at Tsinanfu.

(2) We approve of the establishment and equipment of base hospitals at certain strategic centers in China, these hospitals to be few in number, to be union institutions with the regular evangelistic purpose of the mission hospital, but to be especially staffed and equipped for the purpose of carrying on the further education and training of the medical graduates in a more efficient and scientific way than the ordinary mission hospital can hope to do. These base hospitals to be the seats of modern training schools for male and female nurses, and to afford to the whole Chinese community an object lesson in the advantage of Western medicine, hygiene and sanitation. We believe that our missions should relate themselves directly to one such model union hospital in this section of China.

(3) We believe further that the vast majority of mission hospitals should be carried on with the ultimate object in view

of turning the work over to the Chinese just as soon as advisable, and, therefore, in furtherance of this end we believe that these hospitals should be limited in their extensive development, both as to foreign staff and money investment, so as to hasten the day when the Chinese can assume the entire responsibility for them, thus

liberating the foreign staff for opening medical work in unoccupied territory.

The above mentioned limitation of mission hospitals applies to size only, and we would urge that the internal equipment be of such character as to enable them to do thoroughly efficient work.—*Conference Committee Report.*

PERSONALIA.

A LETTER from Miss Margaret Douglas, written from Davidson, N. C., June 8th, announces her safe arrival home. We suppose that there will not be a great deal more travel between the United States and Brazil in the near future except on the part of those who travel of necessity. While there has been no loss of ships on the south Atlantic as yet, it is hardly to be hoped that the long range submarines will not make their way to that part of the ocean whenever there is enough traveling to justify them in doing so.

Miss Douglas reports that everything is moving along smoothly and happily at the Pernambuco School, and that Miss Martin and Miss Kilgore find themselves congenial spirits in the work, which is always a most desirable situation.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Butler are at Fredericksburg, Va., having just arrived on their furlough. This will be their permanent address until further notice. We confidently expect to have them with us during our Missionary Conference at Montreat in August.

We regret to announce that Dr. and Mrs. Leadingham are compelled to return home on account of Mrs. Leadingham's health. They do not expect to leave the field until the end of summer, unless there should be a change in Mrs. Leadingham's condition rendering it necessary. Our deepest sympathy goes out to them and also to the Korean Mission for this irreparable loss in the medical branch of our work. Dr. Leadingham writes: "We have just closed our best year in the medical work. Our records show an increase of one thousand patients, and our receipts from native sources were more than double those of last year."

The Executive Committee was highly favored at its meeting on June 11th in the presence of Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, and Rev. R. L. Wharton, of Cuba. Mr. T. J. Arnold, of the African Mission, was in the city the day before the meeting and paid us a delightful visit to the office, but

this time was so limited that he was unable to remain over for the Committee meeting.

Mr. Martin, while at home, has been making earnest efforts to secure the services of a consul for the Congo region, and has at last succeeded in securing the re-appointment to the consulate at Boma of Mr. McBride, who formerly represented our government at that place. He is a high-class gentleman in every respect, and was of invaluable service to our mission in some of the troubles we have had with the Congo State officials in former years. As our readers know, we have recently been having serious trouble growing out of the hostile and aggressive attitude of some of the Romish priests in Central Africa, and it has become necessary to ask the interposition of our government in order that some restraint may be put upon their activities. Mr. McBride is a man who has both the ability and the courage, and also the tact to deal with a situation of that kind.

Mr. Wharton's visit was in connection with the negotiations now pending between the Executive Committee and the Home Mission Board in New York with reference to the re-adjustment of the Presbyterian work in Cuba on co-operative lines. Mr. Wharton expects to make a visit to New York for the purpose of working out some feasible plan of re-organizing the work so as to secure among other things the union of the two Presbyteries representing the two branches of the Presbyterian Church at home, and the establishment of one autonomous Cuban Presbyterian Church.

We have just received a personal note from Dr. P. Frank Price, from which we quote the following:

"We are interested in a number of things here. Among them, two coming Presbyterian meetings in April, Synod and National Federal Council, which is to consider the organization of a General Assembly; incoming Eddy meetings; raising relief for famine sufferers in the north, to say nothing of routine work. The oppor-

tunities for reaching all classes of people in Nanking and the organized and intelligent ecort to take advantage of these opportunities was never more favorable than now."

A letter just received by the Editor from Rev. Lewis H. Lancaster, of Hsouchoufu Station, China, contains the following interesting announcement, which we also desire to convey to the friends of the young people at home through THE SURVEY:

"It may even be the case that rumors have reached you of how affairs were developing between one member of Hsouchoufu Station and another who has already been assigned here but has not yet taken up residence. To be more explicit and to tell the story in one sentence—Miss (Eliza A.) Neville and I are planning to be married on the evening of June 19th. We expect to be married in the home of Dr. P. Frank Price, where Miss Neville has been living since her arrival in China. The ceremony will be performed by Dr. Price, assisted by Dr. Leighton Stuart. I understand that you remarked to Mrs. Stevens (who was at home on furlough last year) when she talked to you about Miss Neville's coming to Hsouchoufu, 'What's the use?' You may be able to say, 'I told you so,' to Mrs. Stevens, but we all hope you will not be discouraged by this outcome, but will try again to supply the girls' school with a single lady teacher."

The readers of THE SURVEY and friends of the cause may remember that Tonghai (or Haichow) Station had a similar experience to the one above in the case of Dr. M. P. Young and Miss Louise Oehler, who was assigned to Tonghai Station, and who became Mrs. Young soon after arriving in China, as was arranged en route before either of them reached the field. We might also mention other similar cases.



The United States soldier shown in the above picture is John Wright, a young colored man who gave several years of faithful and efficient service in our Foreign Mission office, and who is now at the front in France ready to fight for his country and for mankind. He was a great favorite with every one in the office while he was with us.

A LETTER FROM DR. J. R. WILKINSON ON THE TREATMENT OF INSANE AT ELIZABETH BLAKE HOSPITAL, SOOCHOW, CHINA.

The work of the Elizabeth Blake Hospital as a whole has been brought to your attention a number of times in THE MISSIONARY SURVEY. There is a certain department of work for the insane of China which we have never brought specially to your attention.

As far as I know, there are only two hospitals in China where special provision is made for this class of patients—one is

in Canton and the other our hospital in Soochow.

Not long after we opened our hospital in 1897, the Chinese became familiar with us and our work and patients began to come in from various parts of the country. Many of them got well of old, chronic diseases which had troubled them for many years. They spread the news from mouth to mouth and it was not very long before they began

to bring insane patients, urging that we had cured others, and for that reason they had brought their crazy relatives, feeling sure that we would be willing to cure them also. We were not prepared to take such patients, but their helplessness and impotency appealed to our sympathy. Some thought that this class of patients would not be of any help to our evangelistic work. Our sympathy prevailed, however, and we took one of them in, arguing that while an insane patient would not be able to become a Christian himself unless he recovered his reason, yet by helping the poor relatives to bear their burdens we might win friends among his people. This assumption, I think, has proven to be very true. The gratitude of these people helped in this way, I think, if anything, was more than for the ordinary diseases. We won many friends, and a very large per cent of these patients, with careful treatment, kindness and wholesome food, made good recoveries, and were restored to their families in their right mind.

Before long some wealthy Chinese friends became interested in this department of our work, and seeing what difficulty we had in caring for these poor people in our general hospital, determined to ask their friends to help them to erect a suitable building. The governor of the province heard of the plan. In real Chinese style he decided to give us a trial to see if we could really restore insane patients. Not saying anything to us about his plans, he selected a case of insanity, well known to himself, and a relative of some of his under-officials who had caused much annoyance around his court, and privately sent him to the hospital for treatment. The people who brought him told a pitiful tale of their poverty and trouble, and urged us to take the man. We decided to take him in. This patient proved to be very troublesome at first, but he, too, gradually responded to treatment and care and went home well, clear in mind, happy and fat.

The governor, now thoroughly satisfied that the stories he had heard of our work were true, opened a subscription list for the purpose of erecting suitable buildings for this class of patients with \$500, and directed that a "board" be prepared about six feet long and three feet wide with an inscription in large gold characters bearing his name and commendation to our work. In a very few days we had \$1,500 subscribed by the various high officials of the province, asking that they be allowed to take part in this most worthy cause. At this juncture I returned to U. S. A. on furlough. The mission authorized my endeavoring to find some friend who would like to take charge of this most interesting work, but I did not find such a person. On my return to China one of my medical students came to see

me at once in regard to erecting the most urgently needed building. I told him I was sorry but could not do so as I had failed to raise enough money. He said, "The building necessary to meet the present pressing need must be erected at once. Will you not draw the plans of a three-story brick building with six rooms large enough to accommodate two patients each, and nine rooms for individual, acute cases, three hallways and three piazzas, inclosed, for open air treatment and make the estimates of cost, and let me hear from you as soon as prepared?" I did. He looked over them and said, "Begin at once. When you have used the \$1,500 you have on hand call on me for whatever other amounts you need and I will have the money waiting for you." The building was erected. It has been a blessing to these poor people. God has owned and blessed this heathen man's gift. It has been self-supporting from the first, and dozens and dozens of poor, helpless Chinese, for whom Christ died, have gotten well and have been restored to their families. We pray, and won't you pray, that this man "who has built us a temple" may be really converted and be "worthy" to enter in with us to rest? When we built the new woman's hospital, "The Everett Brown Chester Woman's Hospital," we arranged six or eight rooms on the first floor for insane women until we could make better provision for them. We need these rooms very badly already for other patients, and besides, the noise of these insane women in the building, with those that are seriously ill, is very trying and objectionable. We look confidently to the time when some friend of our insane Chinese women will come to our aid. When I left China the speaker of the Chinese Congress at Peking was paying the expenses of a Chinese graduate of Yale who had lost his mind and was sent to us for treatment. Our patients come from many of the provinces of the republic. Many of them are very poor. Some time ago a poor woman was brought in raving. She had a husband and family. Her husband was getting \$3.00 per month as wages. She had been doing her house work and making about \$2.00 per month winding silk. She had a little baby nursing. This poor man was desperate. We agreed to take her in. It took all my strength and that of three nurses to give her medicine, night and day. After she had been with us about two days we got her to sleep. At the end of a week I walked into her room one morning, and saw she was looking curiously around. Suddenly she burst out in accusation! "You have locked me up in a foreigner's house and you have taken my baby away from me." I withdrew at once without speaking and called one of my chair coolies, gave him the woman's address in the city



Native fishing in canal near Haichow. It does look as if he ought to get one.

and told him to move quick, that I did not want to see his face until he came back with the woman's baby. He started off in a trot. About two hours afterwards he returned with a dirty, ragged baby in his arms and handed the child to me with a broad grin all over his face. I took the poor little thing in my arms, hugged it up close to me and soothed it into rest, walked quietly into the room and stood silently until she looked around. She made one bound across the room, snatched the little thing out of my arms, hugged it up, smelt and smelt its head (they smell their babies head and faces instead of kissing them), and cooed and cooed and crooned to it, talking all sorts of affectionate baby talk. I saw the child was safe and withdrew. It was more than I could stand. God loves those dirty babies as much as He loves our dear, sweet, clean ones, and our

Master is calling to you and to me to tell them of his love. Will you do it, and will you help us to do it? But if you don't love them and if you are afraid of their dirt, you can't see in their hearts, and if you can't, how can you comfort and say the things they need to hear?

In the last eight years, since I returned to China in 1909, several hundreds have come and gone from these wards. Some of them were preaching when we heard from them last, some of them teaching Christian schools of their own, and some did not get well, but the people know we love and take care of them. The Master loves us all and his name is being daily printed on the hearts of those who come to the hospital and enjoy the blessings made possible by the gifts of Professor and Mrs. Blake and Mr. E. B. Chester.

IN THE NAME OF THE LORD

Crippled of heart and of soul, as once at the "Beautiful Gate."
 Craving your pitiful dole, always and ever ye wait!
 I cannot go out or come in—ye catch at my garments and plead!
 What is it, then, ye would win?—how should I answer your need?

Crippled of soul and of heart, such as I have I share;
 Joy have I none to impart, courage to do or to bear:
 Power is not with me—this ye may have at my hand:
 The help of the Lord is free—in the Name of the Lord, then, *stand!*

A LETTER FROM DR. NELSON BELL.

Tsing Kiang Pu, China,
March 17, 1918.

THE last few days have been warm and springlike, and with the spring there comes a certain buoyancy and happiness that is infectious. As I sit here tonight writing, I wonder what you are doing, and hope and pray that you are as happy as I am; not that I am happier than usual, but it just seems to me that the last year and a half have been the happiest I have ever known, and the last five months have certainly been the busiest as well as the happiest for me. Thank you so much for the answers to my last letter. They help so much, and to know that you are praying for us in our work is such a comfort and blessing.

A little over two weeks ago the sweetest little bundle of a baby came into our home, and you can imagine the joy she brought with her. She weighed nearly ten pounds, and is growing in size and sweetness each day. Both baby and mother are doing splendidly. We call her Rosa Wertebaker after Virginia's mother, who died recently.

The hospital is filling up nicely after the relaxation of the Chinese New Year, which came last month. The past week was a busy one, and as it is fairly typical of the general run will try to outline some of it. Let me say at the beginning that this is a personal letter, so the things I write of are personal, and I leave it to others to tell of their work. Monday morning I started the carpenter making some glass door medicine cabinets, showed the mason where to whitewash, attended to a dozen or so little administrative things and then started operating. Had one major and two minor operations that morning. It was dinner time when I finished, and at two the dispensary opened as usual. There were several very interesting cases that day, and we admitted nine people to the hospital for treatment. After dispensary and the settling of some accounts, I went back to the hospital for a few minutes for a little work and then back to the house. About that time Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Graham came in, and we played tennis for about an hour, and, as we always do, enjoyed it thoroughly. In China one has to get plenty of sleep, and by nine-thirty or ten I usually am in bed.

Tuesday morning I had a serious major operation and didn't finish until about dinner time, and the same routine of the afternoon was gone through, except that after

dispensary I went to see the woman operated on in the morning and to assure her son that she was doing well. After that I had to cut off part of a plaster cast for another patient. Wednesday was about the same as was Thursday, these days there were only minor operations, ingrown eyelids, etc., but in these four days I had fifteen minor and two major operations. Aside from this, there are numerous minor operations in the dispensary and wards that are not counted in. Only cases worthy of being taken to the operating room are reckoned as operations. Friday I got up at five-forty and left here at six with Mr. Taylor for Baoying, a city forty miles below here. We went in the motor-boat and reached there about ten. The people knew we were coming, so there was a very good clinic waiting. I also had to see the owner of the property we have mortgaged there; part of a wall had fallen down, and he did not have the money to fix it. He started out by wanting one hundred dollars, part to fix the house and the rest as a loan, on the prospect of our buying it later, said it would cost nearly thirty dollars to fix the wall. After a good deal of talking and discussion, I ended by giving him four dollars to fix the broken place and another place in addition. That is a very good sample of how the Chinese try to get money out of the foreigners. We left the city a little after one and got home a few minutes past six. On these trips we use the intervening time in reading and studying, and also cook our meals on the boat. The cabin is very comfortable, and when tired we can sleep.

Saturday morning I left for Whaian early, as Mrs. Yates and Miss Josie Woods had collected a lot of mothers who wanted their babies vaccinated. As you know, Whaian is ten miles below here, and is also made by the launch. I vaccinated twenty-six and saw a number of other patients, and left there a few minutes after twelve. I had one of the boatmen buy some Chinese dinner for me, which I ate on the boat. We stopped at Huhsia, a city between here and Whaian, as I had a call to see a patient there. The people had a sedan chair waiting for me at the landing, and we made the mile to their home in a few minutes, saw the patient, declined the feast they had prepared, and hurried back to the boat and on home, got here just as dispensary was closing, and in time to settle accounts with the registrar. After this, I had to make



Some of our Charity Patients at Ellen Lavine Graham Hospital.

rounds in the hospital and make up for the last two days away. Found things in very good shape and several new patients. Through the organization Dr. Woods has perfected here, things can run very well for a while with the foreign doctor gone. Saturday night I had to pay off the carpenter, mason, extra help and give directions for those I wanted to return on Monday.

All of this week's work may sound rushed and unusual, but it really is nothing like as much as there will be for the next few months, for then the daily dispensary gets up to one hundred and fifty and two hundred a day, and the hospital work is correspondingly large. And yet, on the other hand, I believe it sounds much harder than it is. There is a certain routine to be followed, the foreigner has a prestige which helps much, and best of all, we are doing the Lord's work and he helps, or rather, he uses us to do his work.

I am planning to go to Shanghai day after to-morrow to buy drugs, equipment and personal things. Miss Lacy is going with me, as she has some urgent dental work to be done. I haven't been there for nearly a year and look forward to the change with a great deal of pleasure. I will be gone about eight or nine days, as it takes five to make the round trip. On these trips to Shanghai the one going has to act as general shopper for the station, and the commissions are many and varied.

The other day I took a short walk out in the country, met a lot of wheelbarrows with their loads wrapped in straw bags, so stopped and asked them what they had and where they were from. The bags had potatoes, and as the Chinese are always ready to talk about the prices of things, I got to discussing the market with them. By one of the barrows was a beggar, and he said he had heard there was a "foreign

teacher" in T. K. P. who "treated feet" and wanted to know about it. I told him I tried to treat feet along with other parts of the body. He then showed me his feet and hands, and I found they were about half gone with leprosy. I told the poor fellow to come to the dispensary, but that all we could do would be to give him some cleansing medicine. We have a good many lepers around here, but feel no special compunction about being near them. I had three in the Baoying dispensary in one day some time ago.

Right now is the season for kites here, and I do wish you could see them. They have them in many and beautiful designs, vari-colored dragon flies, butterflies, storks, cranes, swallows, hawks, etc., lanterns, boxes, singing kites, etc., and the biggest and best, the centipede kite. I have seen some of them very large. I measured one that was one hundred and two feet long, and have seen one that I am sure was nearly one hundred and fifty feet long. These biggest ones require a big wind to fly them and three men to hold them, and the rope is nearly the size of one's little finger. Strange to say, they fly kites only in their first and second months, and after that say it is improper to fly them.

I must close for this time, but before doing so let me urge you to continue your prayers for us in our work. We are not trying to do one bit of it in our own strength, and need his help so much. Also, please write to us whenever you can. Your letters are such a pleasure and inspiration. My wife joins me in love and best wishes.

Your sincere friend,

NELSON BELL.

Postscript.—This letter should have gone two weeks ago, but I haven't had a chance to make out the list of your names to send to the Committee in Nashville with it. Since writing I have been to Shanghai and returned and been back at work over a week. Miss Lacy and I had a very good trip down, that is, from our standpoint. I don't know that one would think carrying food box, cook, charcoal stove, bedding, etc., etc., ever very comfortable, but it isn't as bad as it sounds, that is, if the boat goes straight through, very often the water is low and we have to transfer, once and maybe many times. I transferred six times in one hundred and thirty miles once. Anyway we got down in good shape and had very satisfactory shopping, dental work, etc. It was the first time I had been to Shanghai for eleven months, but the attractions didn't seem as great as I had expected, and I was very glad to get home. I had taken Mr. Graham's motorcycle and side car down for repairs, and coming back we got off the boat eighty miles below Tsing-kiangpu and rode home, saving a day in

that way, as the water was very low and the launches travel slowly. We made the trip by six hours easy traveling.

Since coming home I have been getting my hands back into the work, and have had a number of operations, several of them very interesting. I also had another vaccinating bee in Whaian and vaccinated forty this time.

Virginia and the baby continue well and sweeter than ever. I wish you could see the baby; we think she is mighty precious. All the members of the station are well and happy, and now that spring is here work in every department is flourishing. Mr. Graham and Mr. Talbot and the elders have been busy for the past two days

examining people for admission into the church, and to-morrow is our regular spring communion. These are to me a great source of inspiration, as they would be to you if you could see them.

I must close now, but let me ask you please to write when you can; even if a post card, it will be very welcome, and let me know that you care for these circular letters, those that have answered my previous ones have all received my answers, I hope.

Virginia joins me in love to you all, and asking that each of you will continue to remember us in your prayers, for we are not and cannot do any of this work in our own strength.

LETTER FROM MISS SHEPPING.

Severance Hospital,
Seoul, Korea.

I TAKE pleasure in wishing you the best year out of all the years gone by. May this one be of the greatest service in behalf of the kingdom of Christ. You say that I am not to talk business, but just write a personal letter. Well, I think I will comply with your request, with a little addition of asking you for a favor. I suppose you know, or you seem not to know, that I've changed my residence if not my occupation, from Kunsan by the Sea to Seoul on the Har. If I were an ambitious person my friends might accuse me of being a "climber" from the backwoods of Kwangju to Kunsan the port, and from Kunsan to the capital. Also, my enemies, if I had any (and who has not), might also say that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." But the latter I should be able to disprove, since I have brought some of my moss with me in the shape of three mosses from Kunsan, whom I had started training there. Of course, necessarily I could not bring all the moss, I must leave some to cover the bare places, and the rest are carrying on the work there and doing it fairly well, they tell me, since the work has not fallen off since Dr. Patterson went, and the income is supposed to still run to one thousand yen per month in the good attendance months of the year. But hundreds of Koreans are daily praying for the work, and God is gracious and blesses. I am so glad that the work is advancing all along the line. Now, I had determined not to weary you with mission business, and here I am, before I know it, hot on the subject. I will remember the evening I talked to you at the Hotel Netherland in New York. What a long time ago it seems. Much has happened to me since, much joy and also a great deal of suffering, as you perhaps

know. But I am glad to say that my verse for 1917 did not fail me, but it encouraged me (Ps. 31:24). It meant a great deal, when there was so little hope from man's point of view. I suffered more last year than in all my life together, and still it was the best year of my life. I enjoy the work here at Severance. I manage the training school for nurses, teach about fourteen periods per week, run the hospital from 7:30 to 1 P. M. Since my poor health I am only assigned half duty, but I work till 9 P. M. usually. Manage the laundry and am responsible for the sewing and linen for the institution. Recently we have had ninety inpatients, and average one hundred and fifty dispensary patients. Dr. Oh has the largest number of dispensary cases and the largest receipts. In fact, his receipts exceed all the other doctors' total. I am supposed to study Japanese in the afternoon, and teach three periods on certain days, but teaching still requires a good deal of preparation and all the chance I've had at Japanese is not very much. Still I needs must make haste, as in two years the government says they shall require all teaching in Japanese. Now no books or text-books are allowed to be printed in pure Korean, it must be in mixed script. I am crazy to study Chinese, it is so fascinating. I read the New Testament in the mixed script through last summer while convalescing with the aid of a teacher. It helps me quite a bit in reading characters. It will also be a help when I study Japanese, though the characters may be written alike, of course the sound is different, but in common characters there often is a faint likeness in the sound of the characters. Now, Dr. Chester, I am coming to the real business of my letter, as we would say when we receive a letter from our Korean friends, the main parts are all taken up with greet-

ings, the weather and polite sayings, but in the last two sentences are usually the real cause of the letter found, that is if its a favor that he wants done. Hence my Oriental diplomacy! It is this, I need a passport if I am to be furloughed, the latter being approved of for 1918, June 1st, but for many and various reasons which affect the work and situation here at Severance I should like to stay in Korea till 1919, June 1st, if my health permits. This winter and spring being the hardest as in June, Miss E—, who has just got back from America and is away studying the language at Chung Ju, or Northernmost station, will be back on duty here and take my place. I hope to be really selfish enough to go to Sarai three solid months for rest, come back September 15th and work till the next June and then go home, D. V. Now, of course, our mission doctors may order me home this year, first, because my furlough is due according to the new rule; second, because I have been so ill last year and am not very strong; third, because they are not so deeply interested in the development of the Severance Training School and the mission problem as I am. So I fear that it might be a possibility that they will say, "You shall go, whether or nay." Of course the Manual says only such as really need the furlough are to go, so it is a question of whether I need it or not, and by June I shall be able to say. I suppose you are wondering what this all has to do with your doing me a favor. Well, I am coming to it. If I am ordered to go home by the autocrats, my friends, the physicians, I must needs have a passport, a thing I haven't got and don't know whether I shall get it, as I find myself in the predicament of not being able to register

as an American citizen. Several months ago the consul told me to write at once about it, but the stress and urgency of my work made me put it off from day to day, so I am writing now. I wish you to please furnish me with a paper officially made out in the Secretary's office declaring me to be a regular missionary, date of appointment, also signed and sworn to before an attorney at law witnessing, that you have personally known me in U. S. A. Please forward this to me at an early date, since the government business requires haste if I am to go home in June, which I hope won't happen, but it might very easily. So kindly aid me in sending the required document. Also any other letters or recommendation, or rather identification, is the real necessity. My being of German birth and wanting five years the required residence in the States was rather a blow to me, since I should never have dreamed that I was other than an American citizen, which I am in heart and soul. Mr. Willis is a lawyer, I am told. Will you kindly ask him perhaps to attend to the matter without delay, and I shall be extremely grateful to you. Now of course I am hoping that you will not feel sorry that you asked me to write, since I know that your burdens are heavy enough without adding to them; but of course if I had not left U. S. A. in such a hurry, and passport was never mentioned to me then, as I should have seen to it that I was fully declared a legalized citizen, which I am in spirit and truth. Well, I am afraid I have written at too great a length, but there is one consolation, dear Dr. Chester, it doesn't often happen! So I hope you will forgive me.

THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE IN HEATHEN LANDS.

THE people of the Orient are groping in the dark for health. Not one in a thousand has found his way out to the sunlight of scientific healing. The others are still enveloped in superstition where there are only witch-doctors to aid.

Very few of us will admit that we are superstitious. Just the same, we often meet some one who will caution us against looking at the moon over the left shoulder or who will slyly throw a little of the salt he has spilled over that same fateful shoulder. The rest of us laugh a little shamefacedly, thinking of our own pet hoodoo. And there is no particular harm done.

But in some countries superstition is not taken as lightly as in America. It is a

life and death matter to several hundred million people and influences every act of their daily lives. Probably there is more superstition attached to sickness than to any other event.

Just suppose one of your family lay dying. The only doctor you ever saw was a witch-doctor. So you call him in and he proceeds to "treat" the case. His imagination is his medicine case and from this he draws his cures.

"Why is this woman sick?" he asks the assembled friends of the patient. "Because she has a swarm of black beetles inside her." He applies medicine, and asks the people if they do not see the black beetles coming out. Or it is a snake that has got

inside her backbone, or a lizard in her stomach which must be drawn by a poultice. He applies the poultice, and there, sure enough, is the lizard which he took care to attach to the face of the poultice before he applied it.

Or, the witch-doctor may suggest that a member of the family hack out a piece of flesh from his arm or leg and stew it for a broth. If these "cures" fail, he may try the method Dr. Mildred Staley once saw being used. A woman was delirious with fever, so two old women, one on either side, were shaking her back and forth with all their might, "tearing out handfuls of her hair in their vigorous efforts to evict the evil spirits with which the poor creature was supposed to be possessed."

Another very original remedy for a woman who had only a slight ailment was to deny her food and water in order to starve the evil spirit which made her ill. This had continued for five days before Dr. Staley arrived, but the patient was too far gone for even the foreign doctor, and died of starvation in a few hours.

A native doctor was called for a Chinese boy who had a simple cold. The doctor wrapped him in layers and layers of blankets. When the child struggled, he sat on his head. After a time, the boy was pronounced cured and unrolled. Sure enough, his cough was gone. And the boy was gone where no doctor was needed.

The witch-doctor's motto seems to be, "Kill or Cure," and since he seldom cures he often kills. There is always the excuse that the evil spirits are too strong for him, and the doctor cannot be blamed for lack of knowledge or skill, as in this country.

Most of the homes in America are ruled by the chubby fist of King Baby, but in countries where superstition rules, the chubby fist can only beat impotently against the cell of torture into which superstition has thrust him. The innocent babies are supposed to have as many evil spirits as the grown-ups. In Angola, there were counted fifty cuts, made in order to let out the evil spirits, on a baby only five months old! One wonders if the evil spirits needed so many exits.

Unless the witch-doctor varies his "cures," he loses prestige. So he may assure the anxious mother that the evil spirits can escape as well through burns as through cuts. Blindly following the only medical advice they know, the parents themselves will sometimes heat an iron red-hot and touch their tiny baby over the head, neck and even the abdomen, leaving only a small space between the burns. Then wrapping the little form in a clean or, as often, dirty cloth, they leave it to recover or die.

If a Chinese baby dies, the evil spirit when released will enter the body of the next child born. In order to prevent this



Native Women Evangelists at Haichow, China.

calamity, the parents "tie an egg and some mustard seed to the body of the dead child in the belief that the evil spirit will not appear until the egg hatches and the seed sprouts. The astute parents carefully boil the egg and the seed in order to postpone the date indefinitely."

Superstition seems to us only another name for lack of the commonest of common-sense. Take, for instance, the African parents who found their child's skull partly torn away and its brain laid bare by the attack of a hyena. Did they rush the child to even a witch-doctor? No. They ran after the hyena, for as long as the animal lived, their child could not recover! In this case the parents couldn't find the hyena, so they brought the child after several hours to the medical missionary. Fortunately, he was able to patch up the brains and is now developing them in one of our mission schools.

There is one safeguard for babies the world over, mother-love, the Esperanto of human emotions. But even that power is not proof against the force of superstition. Women who are now Christians admit that they have used a heavy grub-hoe to tear and cut to mincemeat the faces of baby girls, thereby turning aside the wrath of

devils who curse their family with too many girl babies. Some of these women have cast out even boy babies to be eaten by the village dogs with the idea that sick boys are demons in disguise, bringing care, worry and debt.

But there are a few ways in which evil spirits may be driven away. In Borneo all suffering is attributed to evil demons, and "once during an outbreak of cholera five hundred natives went down the river in their boats in order to entice the spirit of cholera to follow them out to sea. 'Here, sickness,' they shouted, 'come along and we will give you pork and dog's flesh.'"

In speaking at a native women's conference, a Chinese doctor did not mince words, when he said, "You all know that when an ox dies, the diseased thing is sold to the kitchen and you eat it. And you know you eat dogs and cats and rats even when they have been poisoned, and are not wholly dead. And when I expostulate with you for eating rotten fruit and vegetables, knowing the big worms will come you ask, 'Did these not cost us money?' And when fake-doctors inoculate

your babies against the plague, using cast-off cans of spoiled condensed milk from Western lands, and your babies die, then you turn in and join the pack who curse the 'foreign devils'! Sisters, we've got to clean up and use a little sense!"

The care of public health cannot be left to evil spirits and idols. The remarkable immunity of Christians in times of epidemics as compared with other natives is noticed in all mission stations. So much so that a Turkish official once marvelled, "How is it, O ye Christians; has God spread His tent over you that you are spared?" No; it is not supernatural protection. It is the uncommon sense of the book which teaches that cleanliness, physical, mental and spiritual, is the nearest kin to holiness.

The people of the Orient have worn the dark glasses of superstition and ignorance for centuries. Through these glasses they have seen dirt and disease, evil spirits and wrathful gods. It is for the natives who see the sunlight of a Christian country to tear away the dark glasses and give a vision of cleanliness and healing, and the one loving God.—*World Outlook*.

THE OUTLOOK FOR MEDICAL EDUCATION IN CHINA.

IT is less than one hundred years since the first doctor of modern science hung out his shingle in old China, in the city of Canton. He was not a missionary, but the Christian physician of the East India Trading Company. Seeing China's appalling need and being a man of vision, he opened correspondence with the Missionary Boards, which led to the sending of the first medical missionaries to that country. Now China has over five thousand graduate Chinese physicians, hospitals in all parts of the empire, medical schools for both men and women, and a program for

the immediate future that is tremendous in the scope of its plans. This is the record of just ninety years.

There are thirteen medical schools having particular interest to missions and missionaries. Six of these are conducted as union efforts, while some of the others are looking toward union as the best means of increasing their strength and efficiency. In medical education for women the chief problems at present are lack of money, lack of women physicians to staff the schools, and lack of enough schools that can furnish Chinese women with the necessary pre-medical education.—*Exchange*.



Rear view of Ellen Lavine Graham Hospital, Haichow. The large stone structure in the center is the main building. The small building at the left is the kitchen. The out clinic and waiting rooms are beyond the main building and do not show in this picture.

AN INTERESTING ITINERATING TRIP.

EMMA B. RICE.

THE final situation is particularly interesting! We should be on a boat en route to Haichow, but, alas for human plans, we woke this morning to find it was pouring rain, no taxi and no railroad train; so here we are in a little, dark mud house, with not even a frivolous book to read!

But with even such a climax I would not forego the experiences of the past two weeks.

In this field are two market towns (that means a place larger than a village, but without a wall around it), in each of which there is a native pastor and a number of Christians. It is one of the few fields which is absolutely white to the harvest. From the villages for miles around the people are coming by scores seeking the light. We can give them so little because of the scarcity of workers. One Bible woman is all we can put in this vast field, and she can only touch the outer edges of the multitudes of women who are begging, not for temporal, but for spiritual food.

I wish many of you who read this could have enjoyed the experiences of yesterday. Before eight o'clock the hungry multitude began to come. Then was heard the hum of many voices, learning the Catechism, a hymn or verses of Scripture. The Christian women and myself taught and talked all day, and the women listened and studied with the utmost earnestness. Most of them stayed until after the evening service, some of them without any dinner, because it was

too far to go home. Can any of you imagine such a day in our own dear home land?

There have been so many incidents of interest, but I can only give a few, lest my letter be too long.

This is a community of so-called "devil possession." Quite a number have come to us in the few days we have been here. So eager are they to be rid of the terrible affliction that they grasp at the gospel as a method of release. One woman came yesterday, bringing her idol, which she cast at our feet, saying Jesus had cast out the devil and henceforth she would serve only him. Another, who felt an attack coming on, began to repeat a hymn, and in a few minutes was calm and quiet.

Whether this is real devil possession or not, need not be discussed. The fact remains that a knowledge of Jesus and his love for them has brought relief to many of these poor women.

I have given these two incidents out of many such, that you may understand how much we need a Bible woman constantly at hand, that these afflicted ones may be instructed as to the real meaning of the gospel. It is no criticism of the Committee to say we cannot have the woman because we have not the money. They pass on all the funds given by the Church, so the responsibility is not theirs.

If these few lines stir some one to greater liberality in giving, I shall feel these hours of dirt and discomfort have not been in vain.

FOUR EVENTS—PLAGUE AND POLITICAL UNREST, PRESBYTERIANISM AND PERSONALIZED EVANGELISM.

J. LEIGHTON STUART.

Nanking, China,
May 1, 1918.

IN my last letter I wrote something of the big events in April for which we were planning. But immediately after mailing that letter two other unwelcome and unplanned for occurrences deranged everything for awhile. First came the pneumonic plague, most dreaded of all the scourges of the Orient, passing silently from one to another by the breath, one hundred per cent fatal. Quickly the mission and

government schools disbanded, all our homes and institutions maintained the strictest quarantine, we wore masks whenever we went on the streets, the railway and river steamers cut off communication. Two other schools and our seminary alone did not disband, though it taxed our resources to keep our students free from panic. The young men of the language school each took six or seven of the cooks of a neighborhood on the streets twice a week to buy provisions, thus ensuring their keeping the masks on—a new sort of "Per-



Beggars besieging a steamer at a Yangtse Port.

sonally Conducted Cook's Tours." Fortunately, this particular microbe does not flourish in heat and sunlight, and we had a rare spell of early warm, sunny weather, which, with the splendid, tireless efforts of our missionary doctors, saved the city a ghastly calamity.

Meanwhile the political situation had become acute and a northern army was heading for Nanking. Chinese understood the military value of frightfulness long before Germany made the discovery. Once before (1913) Nanking was ruthlessly looted as a warning to other southern cities. Naturally, the people feared a repetition, and in their ignorance of plague prevention supposed that the closing of schools, tea-shops, public places of all kinds, cessation of transportation and so forth, were because of the threatened attack by northern troops. But our governor, possessed of both moral and military strength, accomplished a peaceful adjustment—for the present. The political outlook was never so discouraging as now. A dark cloud seems to be hanging over China.

Meanwhile, we were extremely perplexed as to the approaching meetings, a Presbyterian Synod of five provinces to be followed by a Federal Council for organizing a General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, of China, and this by the great evangelistic meetings by Dr. Sherwood Eddy, who had come straight from the battlefields of France to hold such meetings in some fourteen cities of China. Finally, fear of plague and pillage passed away just in time, and each of these important meetings was carried through with a success all the more satisfying because of the anxieties preceding. Each of these deserves a long letter to itself. But the times forbid anything except the briefest summaries.

However, you must feel with us the thrilling significance of the organizing of a great National Presbyterian Church. This is more so because, in addition to the churches started by English, Scotch, Irish, New Zealand and American Presbyterians from all over this land, there were representatives of the British and American Congregational churches, which will undoubtedly unite with us in the new organization to be consummated in 1920. It is a matter of pride to us Southern Presbyterians that the chairman of the Organizing Committee and the leading spirit in the whole movement as well as the first moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of China was our own Dr. P. F. Price, my colleague in the seminary.

Then came the meetings by Dr. Eddy. These had been planning for months. The unique feature was that only those could attend who had either been "prepared" for the addresses by personal work on the part of some Christian acquaintance, or Christians who accompanied such friends for the sake of carrying them through to definite decision to accept Christ. This required much detail in preliminary arrangements, strict control of admittance by a system of tickets, a carefully worked out program for interviews, etc. We had two double meetings on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, lasting over three hours each, with an interval between, when over one thousand men were present, and about five hundred definitely took a stand for Christ. These included men of all classes, one being a prominent local official who presided at the Sunday meeting, and made a striking testimony. On the same occasion the great audience was stirred tremendously by the testimonies of Dr. Eddy's two interpreters, one of whom lost his father by martyrdom during the Boxer uprising, the other being the grandson of a famous viceroy and the son of a scarcely less well-known governor. There were influential citizens, government school teachers and students, those in humbler callings. The most encouraging results were perhaps those in the hitherto

almost inaccessible government schools, every one of which in this great, conservative old city now has at least one Christian. There was another crowded "double-meeting" for Christians when the more active were supposed to bring and "personalize" those less so; another one of the same type for mission school students, where over one hundred signed cards; a special one for the college men in the University of Nanking (Union of Missions), lasting for three hours and of tense interest, when twenty more made decisions and twenty-five others asked for interviews; one for the missionaries of the city; another (in English) for the Chinese returned students from America. In addition, there was a banquet to Dr. Eddy and a few others of us, about twenty leading officials, a lunch to which we invited the presidents of government schools, special conferences, interviews, a final meeting in the big and busy settlement on the river front just before taking the night train for Shanghai, etc. Altogether, it was a very strenuous five days, but also a most happy and fruit-

ful campaign. As chairman of the Nanking committee, I was quite busy before and during those five absorbingly interesting days. We are now occupied with the equally important work of conserving the results. Apart from those more immediate, we have gained a better community Christian consciousness, there is a new note of hope and zest among the Christ pastors, much prejudice has been broken down, the supreme value of personal effort systematically promoted has been demonstrated, there is a distinct advance for the Christian cause in Nanking.

Altogether, April has been quite an eventful month this year.

There are other matters, such as our preparations for a Red Cross drive and similar evidences of our interest in the great war and our nation's part in it. But these must wait. I am already at fault in the length of this letter, though you can scarcely realize how hard it has been to compress all I wanted to write into this space.

ORGANIZED LAWLESSNESS.

NEW accounts of the doings of Honan and Shantung bandits reveal a state of organized lawlessness that is apparently practiced with impunity, and which the government seems either powerless or unwilling to quell. One rubs one's eyes and wonders that it should be possible in this country to-day for a band of two hundred marauders to hold up a train between two important stations, kill three passengers, seriously wound three others, carry off two women and plunder the rest of valuables and even the clothing on their backs. Yet that is the authentic narrative of an eyewitness who describes how the band stopped the train by piling stones on the track whilst they lay in ambush in ditches alongside the railway track. The outrage occurred at Jangtsih, which is three or four stations to the east of Kuehtehfu, being situated on the border of three provinces—Anhui, Kiangsu and Honan.

From Shantung comes the report of the sacking and burning of Shintai City, and as showing the apathy with which the government regards the whole question of brigandage, it is only necessary to state that government troops were sent down from Tsinan and marched out there, a distance of two hundred li, spent one day and marched back again—a sort of picnic arranged for the special delectation of the gallant warriors! There are still over twenty hostages in the hands of the robbers who are holding their victims for ransom,

some of the latter having been redeemed. The sacking and burning of the city began as a revenge for a comrade who was arrested there as a spy last year. It appears quite clear that vindictiveness is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the lawless elements of China, for it will be remembered that in Mr. Purcell's recent account of his experiences with Honan bandits he described how his captors one day entered a small town and wontonly butchered about twenty people by way of reprisals against the apprehension and punishment of four of their number at the instance of the local inhabitants some time previously. These outrages, added to the recent kidnapping of two foreign lady missionaries, the continued captivity of Mr. Kyle, the American engineer, to the imminent peril of his life, and the more recent case of Mr. Love, the British-American Tobacco Company's employee, all in less than two months, reveal a sufficiently serious condition to merit the most earnest attention of the governing authorities, though it is perhaps a misnomer to speak of governing authorities where there is so little governing done.

There is no evidence, in view of the fresh cases of lawlessness brought to the attention of the public, that the Chinese government is alive to a sense of its responsibility for the protection of life and property, both Chinese and foreign. Its apparent indifference in the matter of bandit suppres-



Women Attendants in the Ellen Lavine Graham Hospital, Haichow, China.

sion is clearly evidenced by the mere fact that no steps have been seriously taken to banish this growing scourge from the land. Its attitude would appear to be one of complete callousness and apathy, and the fact that men, women and children are wantonly slaughtered and outraged, property plundered and terrorism implanted in the hearts of the inoffensive inhabitants is a matter of little consequence to politicians so long as the latter are free to pursue their unseemly squabbles and to engross themselves in the popular art of amassing wealth.

This callous indifference to the general welfare on the part of the central and provincial authorities stands in sharp contrast to the fine, manly spirit and concern for the welfare of his fellow-countrymen manifested by General Feng Yu-hsiang, commander of the Sixteenth Mixed Brigade, admiration for whose record wherever he has stayed has been heightened by the manner in which he and his men have made their exit from Wusueh. Recently a proclamation was issued, notifying the populace that the brigade would shortly leave Wusueh. The soldiers were strictly enjoined to redeem all debts incurred during their sojourn in the town and to return all bor-

rowed articles. The tradesmen were requested by General Feng to report to him personally any cases in which soldiers refused to discharge legitimate obligations and he would see to it that a just settlement was effected. General Feng did not omit to thank the townspeople for the pleasant sojourn of the brigade in the place, and he expressed his appreciation of the fact that there had been no breach of the peace and no bloodshed. The esprit de corps that permeates his brigade is well illustrated by the voluntary and spontaneous subscription by the whole brigade to the North China Famine Relief Fund, \$2,000 having been sent since the inauguration of the fund, and the admirable discipline maintained in the brigade is demonstrated by the fact that recently an officer of it found some paper money on a country road near Wusueh and reported the fact to his superior officer, which led to a proclamation being issued at once and the owner of the lost money being invited to claim his notes.

Now, it might be asked what all this has to do with the question of brigandage, as these facts may conceivably seem irrelevant and extraneous to the subject-matter under consideration. The admirable spirit fostered by General Feng Yu-hsiang among his men might well be infused into other provincial soldiery, who have so far not shown themselves to be imbued with the ideals of upright and gentlemanly behavior characterizing General Feng's men. The continued practice of brigandage as a systematic institution in China is a blot on the republic and the honor and prestige of the government, and the sooner the latter awakens to a sense of its responsibility the better for its prestige and credit.

* * *

The foregoing is an editorial from "*The China Press*" of Shanghai, issue of April 24, 1918. The General Feng mentioned attended one of Sherwood Eddy's evangelistic meetings four years ago and was converted. He was at that time a student in a military academy. Since then he has been trying to live according to his Christian profession.

These facts are given by Rev. J. L. Stuart, of our Mid-China Mission, who says: "The editorial is the most significant in that the writer probably knows nothing of the general's religious attitude. General Feng has been stationed across the river from Nanking, and some of us have come to know him most pleasantly."

Is it not clear that China needs most of all men who know Jesus Christ and who are trying in every day life to live according to his will?—J. I. A.

KOBE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

W. McS. BUCHANAN.

BEAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mt. Zion." The first part of this verse is certainly applicable to Kobe Theological School. Standing in a semi-circle rise the mountains and hills back of this great city, the business portion of which covers the narrow plain between the sea and the mountains. The residential portion is on the hill sides that skirt the foot of the mountains. Well up the hill side is our school commanding a magnificent view of the beautiful harbor and busy, ever-expanding city, giving at once, an inspiration to faith and a challenge to service. Just above us tower the mountains, and a few minutes' walk will take the students to some quiet resort for prayer, which practice is frequently followed by some of the students.

UNIQUE FEATURES.

1. The large number of ex-school teachers among the students has been noticeable before, but this fall it is quite remarkable. Of the six new men entering this month, five have been teachers in government schools. To give one or two examples: Mr. Naruta had been teaching in the public High School for about fifteen years, his special branches being Japanese Literature and Ethics. For some time before becoming a Christian he had been making a special study of philosophy and ethics, but only with a growing sense of their insufficiency. The Holy Spirit was working in his heart; the light came; he gave himself to Christ and his service.

Mr. Takatani has had the best educational advantages of all the student body. After finishing the High School he took a full course in the Tokyo Higher Commercial School, and after this a post-graduate course. He had high hopes of a brilliant career in the commercial world. But the Spirit of God touched his heart and called him to the higher service of the ministry.

Mr. Yamamoto, after graduating from the Normal School, taught for two years in a grammar school, evidently with good success, since the school authorities and patrons had marked him for the principalship after a few more years' experience. He resigned his position, resolutely overcoming all such enticements and opposition.

2. A post-graduate student from Korea. By joint action of the Korean General As-

sembly and the Korean Theological Seminary, it was decided to elect from time to time some worthy and promising student for post-graduate work, not only for the benefit of coming in touch with other teachers, but for the sake of becoming better acquainted with Japanese thought and life. This year Rev. Mr. Tei (Tay) has come. We appreciate very much this expression of confidence on the part of the Korean Seminary and Church in selecting our school for their post-graduates. We shall do all we can to make their study profitable. Mr. Tei is the first post-graduate student to come from Korea; but the school in its short history has already graduated four regular students from Korea, three of whom were supported by a Japanese. The kindness and consideration they received from their fellow Japanese students was delightful to see, and was certainly much appreciated. After returning to Korea to work among the unbelievers of his own country one of them wrote of how much he missed the Christian fellowship and compared his feeling of loneliness to that of a young bride who had left the warm, loving atmosphere of her parents' home for her new home, which, in the Orient, is generally unknown and sometimes unsympathetic.

REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING.

1. The widening influence of the school. We have only a small body of choice men, yet they represent a wide territory coming from the north, east, south, and west of the Empire.

2. The good will and cordial co-operation of the city churches. For instance, the Ladies' Society of the Shinko Church furnished the floral decorations for the last commencement. The flowers were beautiful and tasteful, some of the plants were the most handsome that I have ever seen anywhere on commencement occasions. This is the same church that gave the Mission its old church building (though only five years old) when it decided to build a larger one.

One of the ladies, Mrs. Kajiwara, had her sympathy put to a considerable test at the time of our summer school. By some delay in the transportation the blankets ordered did not come in time; to meet the emergency she was approached and she gladly loaned her silk quilts to the school. This summer school is for all the male



Entrance to Doctor's house, Ellen Lavine
Graham Hospital, Haichow, China.

mission workers, native and foreign, ordained and unordained.

The ladies of another church, Nunobiki, made eighteen quilts, or cotton mattresses for spreading on the matted floor of a Japanese room—and working in cotton is not a pleasant occupation on a hot day. It was indeed an interesting and even attractive sight to see these ladies with their long sleeves drawn up and tucked back, and towels over their hair, working in good earnestness and good cheer on these hot afternoons. The school now is fairly well equipped for future conferences. It may be of interest to note here that the board cost about 23 cents a day per man; from which you may gather that the table was not extravagant.

3. The deep spiritual atmosphere that pervaded the dormitories. An earnest tone is generally manifest at the beginning of the school year, when the old students

come back fresh from their summer work, and the new students come in fresh from prayer and with a burning sense of a divine call to the ministry. But one of the students told me at the end of the last school year in June that he had never known the dormitory atmosphere to be more earnest and spiritual. That remark doubtless reflected his own spiritual state. A little later, when writing to me about his experience in summer work, he signed himself, Your happy boy.

4. We are very thankful, too, for the speedy return of Dr. and Mrs. Fulton from furlough with such renewed vigor. One would think Dr. Fulton had never known a sick day in his life, and certainly we need have no anxiety lest the burden of principalship should prove too much for him.

The school has had only a short history, but God's blessing has rested richly on it. Not long since a friend remarked "that every important move that we had made had later received some signal mark of Divine favor." For this we are profoundly thankful, and we trust that the changes recently decided upon will likewise be blessed of God. These changes involve a lengthening of the course from four to five years, giving three of the fall terms to thorough training in practical work in the best season of the year for evangelism—a special faculty on practical work having been elected—and other changes. We desire our men to be well trained in head and heart, *workmen that need not be ashamed*. Will you not include the Kobe Theological School in your prayers?

A PRAYER.

(Found on the fly-leaf of the Bible of a missionary, who died in Africa.)

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this gift to-day for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make:
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth
small—
And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How when I yield Thee this I yield mine
all,
Hidden therein Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight;
All that I have, or am, or fain would be;
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed
with sighs,

Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it
none!
Now from Thy foot-stool where it van-
quished lies,
The prayer ascendeth—may Thy will be
done!
Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will that
e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have
been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace
divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But gaining back my will may find it
Thine.

CHINA CRIES FOR HELP.

REV. WM. F. JUNKIN.

WE see many appeals in the papers for help for the suffering in Belgium, Poland and Armenia, and our hearts are moved and we feel for them with very deep sympathy. What would we think of ourselves if we could hear of these things and not be moved? If we could, standing by, look on and not cry out with anguish and strive to relieve the suffering and put an end to its causes? *We will do our bit.*

Living here in the interior of China, I have wished so often that the sufferings of vast multitudes of these people could be really known by the Christian world and the root causes for these sufferings be exposed. O, would that the light of the knowledge of facts could be thrown on this old land groaning in pain!

I live in a section of country where the population is from ten to twenty times as dense as in the better populated parts of our Southland. In the field allotted to the Sutsien Station alone there are nearly, or quite, two million people. In our North Kiangsu territory there are *twelve million or more*. The great majority of these people are wretchedly poor.

It is now bitter cold winter. Few of these people can afford to have fires at all to warm by. All leaves and twigs and stubble and all dead grass are scraped up and carefully saved for fuel with which to cook. A day laborer's wages are fifteen cents or less, and just now a pound of wheat flour costs three and a half cents, and it takes three or four pounds a day of bread alone to feed to the full a hard laborer living thus without any meats or fats. Beans and corn and millet, on which the masses largely live, are from one-third to one-half cheaper. What about clothing, etc., not to mention wife and children? Then there is far from being work for all (they come and *plead* for work), and multitudes are idle! And many are weak or disabled or sick, and unable to work!

I was struck with the plea some months ago for more money for the Belgium sufferers so that each child might receive daily a little fat in his biscuit. I think of the *tens of thousands* of whole families all about us here who seldom during a whole year see any fat at all in their biscuits!

Many, many families have only one quilt for the whole family, and many no quilt at all. They sleep huddled together on

the ground in the straw. Many cannot afford to have a bedstead, and, anyhow, the ground is warmer! Yes, multitudes of the children die, but the Chinese marry early and the children are many. Only the "fit" survive.

Ah, kind readers, I have lived here twenty years and I have not yet gotten "used to" these sights! I *hope* I never will! The suffering all around us, not only in famine times, but *all the time*, is heart-rending. It is one of the burdens of life here.

And we know that the dealing out of relief funds will not heal the situation. Social service will not cure the trouble. The root is deep. One who has lived here in daily contact with the people, who knows and understands them (*not a mere traveler passing by*), can easily see that the government is not reformed because of *sin*, not because of lack of ability or knowledge; that the root cause of the universal poverty and awful suffering of the masses is *SIN*; that the dear little children, half clothed and poorly fed, shiver and cry because of *SIN*, and they themselves grow up in *sin*. There is not lack of ability in China; I know no people more naturally able than the Chinese are. But there is a sad, sad lack of righteousness.

O, brethren and sisters, blessed with the glorious fruits of Christian heritage, you have not seen, you do not know, the sufferings of these multitudes in a different lot from yours! Thank God for His *grace* to you and yours.

You know and I know that the *gospel of Jesus Christ* is the only ground for real and abiding *righteousness*, the *only cure for sin and sinning*. Will you stand by and refuse to see the suffering and to hear the cry and to furnish the means to apply the only remedy?

I rejoice in the gifts for Belgium and Poland and especially for Armenia. But, O, friends, do not neglect China. This is *your* land; you have staked out property here. I am sure there is much suffering here *all the time* similar to the suffering in Belgium during this war.

And then there is the command of the Master, he who came himself and gave himself to bring relief. He calls us to be co-workers with him. Pointing to the hungry *souls* of these multitudes in China without the only saving gospel, he says: "Give ye them to eat."

Sutsien, China, Dec. 4, 1917.

A LETTER FROM MRS. MARTIN.

May 10, 1918.

WE (George Motte, Bukumba and I) left Luebo on January 23d and reached New York March 21st, actually a little less than two months on the way, and this war time, too!

For about six months before leaving the Congo a bit of fever kept me in a "ci-nana" (good for nothing) state, and though Ibanche and South Luebo kindly opened their doors as health resorts, eighteen pounds managed to slip away and Dr. Coppedge thought it best to send me further away. Mr. Martin had to leave anyway to attend to several matters for the mission, so we traveled as far as France together. The awful news of Dr. Morrison's death will compel his return to the Congo almost at once, however, and will prevent his seeing but very few friends and relatives on his short visit here.

One of the most difficult experiences we have ever had was to leave the mission at this time. Nearly every one (and especially Dr. Morrison) was overworked—a large interdenominational conference was to be held within a few weeks and nearly a hundred missionaries expected, followed almost immediately by a conference for native evangelists, and an annual mission meeting at which some of the most serious problems ever confronting the mission work, were to be discussed. Dr. Morrison worked without recreation or rest till late at night and set his alarm clock to rise always before daylight for his "morning watch." Always he worked under the greatest difficulties, never once in all of his years of service in the Congo having a suitable office, or the conveniences which are considered necessities by men in this country, with but a fraction of his ability or desire for work. We felt so thankful that at last a stenographer had come to help him and welcomed Miss Kirkland with our whole hearts because of what we knew she could do to help our "Big Chief." But she was sent too late, and for only a few weeks was privileged to help him.

It is almost unbearable to think of our mission without Dr. Morrison. Every missionary loved him, as well as every native, I believe, who ever knew him. One of the greatest privileges we have ever had was to have him board with us at the "Martin Box," and we grieve as though one of the dearest of our own home circle had been called away.

Dr. and Mrs. Coppedge and little Llewellyn came with us as far as the west coast on their way for a vacation of several

months to South Africa, after which they are planning to return to Luebo for another term of service.

Our journey as far as France lasted for one month, and three weeks of the time we were in the war zone and had to be ready for submarine alarms. We were told after it happened that a "U" boat actually did sight and chase us one day from nine in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, and when we finally landed many of the passengers became hilarious and cheered and yelled as if some great victory had been declared. My! but it looked good to see so many American soldiers immediately when we landed in France. I wanted to stop and shake hands and talk with *every one* and curbed the impulse only because of Mr. Martin's fear that some might think missionaries possessed of even less intelligence than they are commonly supposed to have. But that doesn't mean that we didn't meet many splendid fellows who showed us kindness wherever we turned. In the two weeks spent in La Rochelle and Bordeaux, Bukumba, George Motte and I were the recipients almost daily of kindnesses from American soldiers and Y. M. C. A. workers, and we came over here with our hearts filled with thanksgiving and great pride over the splendid record in helpfulness, cleanliness and ability which they are making for themselves and for us (U. S.) over there. On our way out to Africa two years before we had heard sneering remarks about America as a country of "slackers."

Since landing in this country I have naturally become greatly exercised over the selling of Liberty Bonds, and it is exceedingly difficult to keep still and obey doctor's orders which strictly forbid any speaking, visiting (or even writing) for months to come. I've longed so to urge every one I've met to do his or her best in raising funds to carry on the war, realizing so keenly as I do what it means to try to "fight" without adequate support. For out in our mission we have "soldiers" who must fight without any "Red Cross" bases near (there is not a physician or nurse on three of our stations yet, you know, and we have but one hospital). We lack ammunition (paper, books and all school material were giving out when we left, and we have *never* had a sufficient quantity). Many are sacrificing greatly to give to our work. Oh, we realize this, but, friends, our Church has never as a whole realized the immensity of its undertaking in Africa any more than some

realize what the great war in Europe requires in men and means. The tithe is the Liberty Bond of the Church, and until that is given all over our churches, the church soldiers, both at home and across the sea, must suffer. You and I cannot make the entire Church tithe, but each one of us can begin by doing "our bit" in our own communities, and speak of the importance of it to those with whom we each come in contact. We need not be overwhelmed with the great amount of work which we can see so plainly needs to be accomplished, for we are responsible

only for the bit which we can do. Only please let us do our level best, and pray as we have never prayed before.

And please among other petitions remember in your prayers a special request for a dentist to go to our field. I heard Dr. Morrison say that he felt the lack of a dentist even more than that of a physician, and I can personally testify in the face of the difficulties I am now called upon to go through with (having eight abscesses and many other troubles with my teeth) to the need we have of one.

Bunkie, La.

THE NANKING LANGUAGE SCHOOL.

IN 1911 a little group of missionaries planned a language institute to meet for a few weeks in Shanghai, expecting an attendance of twenty or so. It happened that just at that time a great many missionaries were gathered in that place on account of supposed dangers from the revolution in their inland stations. This turned the language institute into a large and enthusiastic enterprise. So much interest was generated that a committee was appointed to consider the establishment of a permanent language school. This committee succeeded in getting the University of Nanking to take over the project as their "Department of Missionary Training." Mr. Charles Keen, of the Northern Baptist Mission, was elected Director. He was just starting to America for his furlough, and took the opportunity for a year of study at Teachers' College, specializing in phonetics and the science of language.

From the first the school has been a progressive enterprise, changing the methods from year to year, adopting improvements continually—as one device or another proves helpful. This alertness for the accomplishment of the purpose, this keenness to make use of any suggestion of value, together with the earnestness of the students, gives an atmosphere of eagerness to the whole institution.

The direct method is in use from first to last. It's a hard-headed student who succeeds in taking any notes except in his head! The first aim is to teach the students to *speak* Chinese—with Chinese accent and idiom—the reading and writing taking secondary place. Mr. Keen, the Director, is the only foreigner connected with the school. The other teachers are chosen for their Chinese scholarship, and whether or not they can speak English is unimportant. Indeed, they are not permitted to speak anything but Chinese during school time. The number of teachers is about half the number of students; and

the work is arranged to give the advantages of both group and individual study.

The students who began in September have new words first period in the morning; for the second period divide, one-half to work with private teachers, one-half to review. After the twenty minutes' recess the process is reversed. Besides these, they have certain periods each week for phonetics and character writing, and some time given over to conversation classes, where the students meet in groups under the leadership of Chinese teachers—ask and answer questions, indulge in Chinese conversation and make speeches in Chinese.

The second year students also have both group and individual work. They do advanced reading in the school lesson sheets, and outside literature as well. They make more progress in character writing—and most interesting of all practice making talks and interpreting for each other.

We "cubs" who came in January 2d began by meeting a Chinese teacher. He gave us Chinese words, giving their meaning, for the personal pronouns by pointing, for verbs of motion by acting them out. He would have us repeat them again and again, until he made sure that we had the pronunciation exactly; then he would use the words in simple sentences which we would repeat after him. Almost at first they began using ordinary conversational speed, and phrases and sentences that were entirely idiomatic and not too short to be natural. Mr. Keen came in and out those first few weeks, to straighten out any difficulty that might have arisen, and to make sure that we had caught the correct meanings and usage. Our effort from the first was to think in Chinese, and we soon found ourselves able to use all of our limited vocabulary.

After a few weeks we began to have a class in phonetics each day, Mr. Keen being instructor here. The system used is

that of the "International Society of Phoneticians." The symbols are more or less arbitrary and are chosen to represent the position of the mouth and tongue in making the sound rather than our hearing of it. This provides a "code" that very little study serves to master, and enables us to get the sounds with an exactness that no other method could give us. For us they have begun to use the phonetics much earlier than with any previous classes, and find it a great advantage. Each day we phoneticize that day's new words—often finding that our hearing of them has been quite incorrect. Phonetics proves a great help in "letting us in" on Chinese habits of speech, which differ so widely from ours. Mr. Keen takes this opportunity to explain the origin of words, shades of meaning, peculiarities of use and the like—that are veritable keys to Chinese life and language. We have been studying somewhat the rhythm of Chinese speech, too—something that should help us much in wiping out our differences in speaking.

For our present schedule, the first hour each day we have our new words; the second hour divide for review and private teachers. After recess the division is reversed, and the last period is given over to phonetics. The afternoon is divided into two periods given over to review and individual work. We are hoping to begin character writing soon after the Easter vacation.

We began reading several weeks ago, from lesson sheets provided by the school. They are arranged to fall within our vocabulary and are gone over with the teachers and thoroughly understood before being put into our hands. When the sheets are given out we prepare for Mr. Keen a written phoneticization, and then set ourselves to memorize the characters.

The thousand characters that make up our first year's vocabulary, the lesson sheets, and the four hundred characters that are the first year's stint for writing, are largely the outgrowth of the twenty years' experience in teaching foreigners that has been the lot of Mr. Gia, our head Chinese teacher. Mr. Hetcher Brockman, who meant so much to the Y. M. C. A. over here before giving it up for his wider field, was one of his pupils. The course of study is arranged to cover five years, including reading of parts of the Bible and other literature, Chinese composition, etc., and leaving some room for electives along the line of special interests. The first year is to be taken in residence. While the second year can be taken here to great advantage, it is found better for most missionaries to have their later work at their own stations. The

language school conducts a sort of correspondence school for these advanced students. Examinations on the course of study are given at regular intervals. The University of Nanking is now considering what degree it can bestow on those who successfully complete the course.

Another of the school's activities is a course of normal work for teachers given for several weeks in the fall.

The language school endeavors to teach Chinese customs and polite forms as well as Chinese language. Discussion of Chinese politeness forms part of the lesson material. In addition, a regular part of the course consists of outside reading in English on things Chinese. Lectures on many subjects of vital importance to missionary effort are brought to the school. One of the avowed aims is to assist in the preparation and adjustment of the new missionary to his task, it is truly endeavoring to be a department of *missionary training* in other things than the language.

From the beginning the students have been cared for in the homes of the Nanking foreign community—a great privilege for them and a great opportunity for the observation of missionary methods. But it asks too much of these homes which, because of their location in an educational and mission center, have already so large a burden of entertaining. At present a dormitory is under construction to be ready for some of next year's students; and other student homes will be added from time to time.

The school is conducted in a large building that stands in the center of a four-acre compound—a part of the University of Nanking's large property in the northern part of the city. It was built as a mansion from the squeezes of a pre-revolutionary official, but remodeled, is admirable for its purpose. With living quarters around it, it will be an ideal plant.

Our Chinese faculty is a main source of interest to the students. They are, indeed, a splendid body of men—products of old China's wonderful civilization. Very few from among them are Christian; but since a recent miracle of the Holy Spirit in our midst, we feel that there will soon be a change in this respect. Mr. Gia, our head teacher, is a wonderful man. Over sixty, he has vigor and "pep" rare among young men. For twenty years he has been teaching foreign missionaries; and through all these years, although coming to know the Bible and Christian doctrine, he has stood out against their prayers and loving efforts to bring him to belief. At last, this February, he has surrendered to a full allegiance, and "Jesus Christ has one more servant in China," as he said in a chapel talk to us. It means a thorough-

going change in his life—as he meets the problem of what to do with his two wives, and of giving up the practice of the “squeeze”—but he counted the cost beforehand. Now he meets the teachers of the school for a two-hour Bible class each Sunday morning. The first time he required attendance. Since then it has been voluntary, but from some motive or other all of them continue to come. We feel that already so many of these men are “not far

from the kingdom of heaven,” and we trust that they will soon be brought into full citizenship.

The story of the development of the Peking Language School, of which Mr. Pettus is in charge, I do not know; but the two schools are working in full co-operation, sharing experiences, ideas and policies. Certainly they are big factors in the missionary enterprise.

THINGS THAT ARMIES CANNOT DO.

BY S. EARL TAYLOR.

THE nation is at war in a mighty struggle to make the world safe for democracy.” Our one great national duty is to “win this war”; and there are many who naturally feel that this is the time when everything else must take a secondary place and when all larger efforts must be abandoned.

“But those who believe in the largest loyalty to our home and to our country are coming increasingly to believe that in a time like this the Church of Jesus Christ should take a place of commanding leadership, that sacrifice in treasure and blood may not be vain.

“There are things which governments cannot do and which armies have never attempted to accomplish. These are the works involved in building up the spiritual and moral forces within a nation.

“With all his great wisdom and skill, President Wilson could not find a way for regulating the internal affairs of Mexico short of military intervention, and military intervention is not the establishment of democracy. No King and no President would ever dare to announce as a policy the purpose to bring about the intellectual, physical, moral and religious reconstruction of other nations. Such a proceeding would be considered a piece of intolerable impertinence by the nations involved.

“There is but one institution in the world that has a program the purpose of which is to bring about these tremendous structural changes, and which can announce that program without offense—that is the Church of Jesus Christ. And unless we are prepared, on the one hand, to subjugate and regulate the belated races; or, on the other, to permit these races, all unprepared, to sit around the council table of nations, we must either abandon our dream of world-wide democracies, with its accompaniment of freedom of the seas and

international tribunals, or else we must be about the task of placing the nations of the world upon such a basis as will make true democracy possible.

“True democracy has never developed apart from a pure and intelligent home life, accompanied by the free school and the free church. These have never developed apart from Christianity.

“This is perhaps the most critical hour in the history of the Church. Enormous masses of men are threatening to shape up a social and political program for the future without any consideration for the Church, and unless the Church can come into closer, more human touch with these armies of radical-minded men, and with a world program that will command their sympathetic attention, the Church is lost. On the other hand, there is the opportunity, an opportunity unmatched in all the centuries, to help reconstruct the whole world on a truly Christian democratic basis.

“Under the Providence of God, through the leadership of President Wilson, America is today in the position of unchallenged moral and spiritual leadership of the world. The world listens to what we say, is ready to follow where we move. Great nations are open to our message around the whole globe. We must strengthen our base of supplies in all that pertains to spiritual preparedness, and we must send munitions and men across the seas.

“The Church of Jesus Christ could make democracy safe in Russia and in Mexico and in China, but it cannot do it upon the inadequate basis of the past. If God ever called a Church to fulfill national aspirations by carrying on a work which a nation has so well begun, God is now calling upon the Church of Christ to do that for which the past centuries of achievement have been but a day of preparation.”—*World Outlook*.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU LOOKING AT IT?

LOIS R. MUNROE.

THESE are two ways—the first usually comes in America, when the call grips the heart and a man has gotten just to the point of saying, “Must I go?”

Separation from all one loves—all but the one Friend who goes all the way, and who sticketh closer than a brother. Then, no more singing the hymns in one’s native tongue from Sunday to Sunday. Instead, a jargon of strange voices out of harmony, with words one can’t hope to know the meaning of for years. Yes, a man may even talk fairly well, and yet have no idea what the words mean he is singing—at least, it is so in the East.

“Oh, hear those sounds behind me—‘click, clock, click, clock’”—wooden clogs hurrying to see the strange white man. I had thought to get out for a stroll alone, but here came the little brown faces with eager eyes to stare at me. Here is an old woman. Hear her call, ‘Run, quick, little Jaro—the white man is coming by.’

Then the visitors, who come and stay so long. If only one could teach the Bible. One can only show pictures at first and wait and wait till the guest, who has had to be begged and urged to cross the threshold, decides to say, “If it must be so,” and tear himself away, so to speak.

Then comes the joy of service. Joy? Yes, exactly. By and by, you find the clatter of little feet isn’t so bad, and the old woman is calling the little grandchild much as you’d gladly hurry little Mary Ann to see the hurdy gurdy man. And you come to know little Hana and see her quaint bow as you pass, and one night, or dusk, the hurrying feet behind you are to overtake you with joy at having seen you and to say, “I am coming tomorrow to sing the hymns.” And fancy looking into fifty upturned faces and telling them that the old cow statue down by the river isn’t any god; nor yet the tremendous demons that guard the temple gate; that God is their Creator. “Why, surely, if He created you, you belong to Him—or ought to. You have a responsibility to Him, and, what is more, you’ll have to account to Him for this life He has given you.” That sounds plausible.

Then, another day hear sixty voices singing, “Jesus paid it all.” You say, “Now, if you want that to be so, you sing that chorus softly and mean it; and all with closed eyes so no one need know, not even those near you.”

It’s your way of making them take it

personally to decide. Now look, every one is singing it, “All to him I owe.” Yes, there is joy in it. Or perhaps you are giving out tracts.

“Give me one,” says a higher school boy. “Oh, it’s a Christian leaflet!” He takes it and crumples it and laughs or jeers and throws it in the dirt. Never mind. Your little daughter takes it up and smoothes it out and passes it on to one more willing to hear.

Fourteen hundred tracts in a single morning to as many higher school students and teachers. The mail? Yes, here is a card. More joy. You have tried to find the 100 little tots you used to gather in in those old days before you could say much—when you could only make the baby organ grind out tunes and sing the hymns which you could read, but knew only where you remembered the corresponding English version. Now you remember that these tots of six and eight must be sixteen and eighteen years old. Some are already married. You want to find them, to follow up those first impressions. Yes, the mail man comes back with fifty Christian papers you have sent—shifted in ten years—but you have found fifty at least and this card comes from one to say she is grateful. Let us go from shop to shop with the tracts. That would be systematic. Then we can come again later with a different one.

Don’t look at the leper, nor the man dragging his withered legs along right in the mud, in a sitting posture; nor at that man with his nose eaten away—no, and pass by the blind ones. Their sticks enable them to go alone, and they blow the whistle to clear the way—a pathetic sound, true—but look in this shop—a man with an open Bible before him. You have found one Christian among the hundreds, and in a quiet little shop, poor but neat. You are surprised, especially as it is the hour for business. Shall we pass up this very dirty street? Oh, you are startled! It did seem gruesome. I think the wifed old woman is crazy. She looks haggish, but you put your tract down in sudden dismay and are glad to be back into the ten-foot wide street again. Here comes the dancing girls. No, worse. They are out for an airing. Poor, painted things—young—sold by heartless parents. Surely give them a tract.

Nine hundred people have taken them. Four people have come way out of the

way to get them. Never mind that young man in the silk lined cloak who waves you aside. Here comes a clerk running out of a store to get one.

Can you stop and talk to this head man who wants to know? Oh, yes; and doesn't it make you glad to see him squat beside his brazier and listen, and be sure to take

his card so as to send him literature from time to time.

Yes, you have come now beyond the "Must I go?" and even passed the "Shall I go?" period. You are praying day by day to be used and saying longingly, "May I go?"

BOOK REVIEW.

The Life of Service. Some Christian Doctrines From Paul's Experience in the Epistle to the Romans. By James I. Vance, D. D., LL. D. Pp. 219. Fleming H. Revell Company. Net, \$1.25.

This is the eighth in a series of volumes on practical religion with which the author has enriched the literature of our Church. It is the message of an earnest Christian man, who knows himself what "The Life of Service" means, to those who are laboring with him to make the world better in these strenuous, suffering days.

In one sense this is an ambitious book. It deals in a frank and fearless way with the great themes of the Christian religion—Sin, Atonement, Predestination, Perseverance, Sovereignty and Free Agency. The author's point of view, however, is far removed from that of the scholastic theologian, as was that of the great biblical theologian whose message he interprets. It is the theology of Christian experience as set forth

in that masterpiece of all theological literature, the Epistle to the Romans.

Those who have had trouble with the ninth chapter of Romans will find in the author's discussion of that chapter a specimen of exegetical genius in which he seems to us to have penetrated to the very heart of the great mystery of the relation of sovereignty and free agency, without pretending to have solved the mystery. In the light of this discussion that difficult chapter becomes one of the most comforting passages in our New Testament Scriptures.

By searching one might find a number of statements in the book that would be subject to criticism, but after reading it through, we do not find ourselves in a mood to look for them.

The style, like that of everything the author writes, is clear, crisp, terse and of a noble simplicity. It is a book for the times and will be found helpful by very many who are needing help under the stress and burden of the times.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. What is one of the insuperable difficulties, at present, in placing hospitals in two of our China stations?

2. What encouraging news comes from Dr. Leadingham?

3. What is the special mission, while in this country, of Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, and Rev. R. L. Wharton, of Cuba?

4. The size of some of the kites in China, and why do the Chinese fly them in certain months only?

5. What **restricted** (?) work is Miss Shep-
ping doing, on account of poor health?

6. What are some heathen "cures," and their results?

7. What happened to a community of "devil possession"? What is wcefully needed for their help?

8. What organization in China should thrill the hearts of the Church at home as well as abroad?

9. Why "China Cries for Help"?

10. Some of Mrs. Martin's recent experiences in "coming across"?

11. What does Mrs. Martin term the "Liberty Loan" of the Church?

SENIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1918.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

Topic—Medical Missions.

Hymn—All Hail the Power of Jesus 'Name.
Scripture Reading—Matt. 10:1, 7-15.

Prayer—Thanksgiving for what medical missions has accomplished in foreign lands.

Petition for the great needs of the work in men and equipment.

Roll Call—Answer with a verse of Scripture on HEALING.

Minutes.

Offering.

Business.

Solo—Selected.

Reading—The Furloughed Missionary.

Quiz—Do You Know?

Topical—Monthly Topic.

The Practice of Medicine in

Heathen Lands.

An Interesting Itinerary Trip.

Hymn—The Great Physician.

Prayer—Closing with the Twenty-third Psalm in concert.

SUGGESTIONS.

Have some member appointed before the meeting to lead in the opening prayer.

In the Monthly Topic, only the reconmendations may be used.

The Practice of Medicine in Heathen Lands could be given to several members of the society, one incident being told by those taking part.

Make earnest prayer for the needed medical help for our fields.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

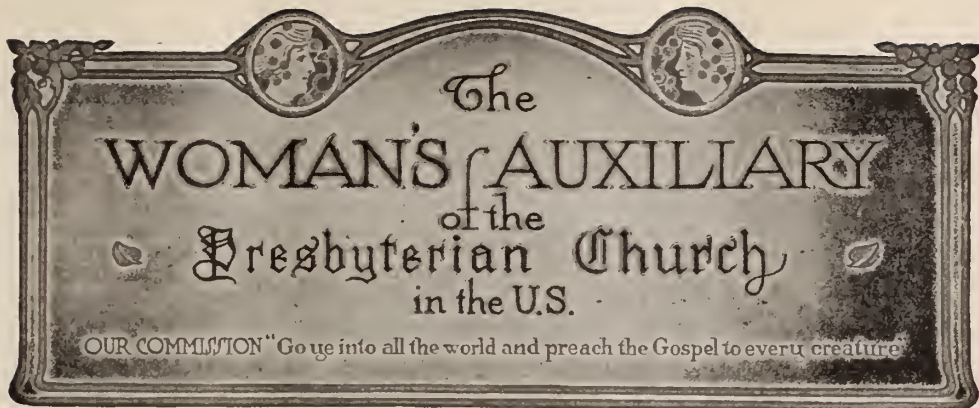
Foreign Mission Receipts

Receipts applicable to regular appropriation—

June	1918	1917
Churches.....	\$ 23,491 84	\$ 19,650 85
Churches—Africa.....		27 65
Sunday schools.....	623 43	641 80
Sunday schools—Brazil.....		15 00
Sunday schools—Africa.....	48 93	5,065 11
Sunday schools—C. E. Missionaries.....		5 00
Sunday schools—China.....	4,651 51	
Societies.....	5,252 40	5,019 02
Societies—Africa.....	10 00	17 60
Societies—C. E. Missionaries.....	130 50	279 40
Societies—China.....	5 00	
Miscellaneous donations.....	3,214 33	2,874 00
Miscellaneous donations—Africa.....		53 50
Miscellaneous donations—C. E. Missionaries.....	7 95	
	<u>\$ 37,435 89</u>	<u>\$ 33,648 93</u>
Legacies.....		5 66
	<u>\$ 37,435 89</u>	<u>\$ 33,654 59</u>
Three months, April 1st to June 30th—		
Churches.....	\$ 75,649 38	\$ 47,834 01
Churches—Africa.....	5 00	27 65
Sunday schools.....	1,702 79	2,742 40
Sunday schools—Brazil.....		180 09
Sunday schools—Africa.....	214 17	6,026 57
Sunday schools—C. E. Missionaries.....		5 00
Sunday schools—China.....	6,044 38	
Societies.....	14,917 49	14,837 85
Societies—Brazil.....		5 00
Societies—Africa.....	32 75	45 60
Societies—C. E. Missionaries.....	423 42	638 68
Societies—China.....	11 55	
Miscellaneous donations.....	10,906 60	6,989 37
Miscellaneous donations—Africa.....	5 00	53 50
Miscellaneous donations—C. E. Missionaries.....	7 95	17 10
Miscellaneous donations—China.....	25 00	
	<u>\$109,945 47</u>	<u>\$ 79,402 82</u>
Legacies.....	1,798 92	2,231 19
	<u>\$111,744 39</u>	<u>\$ 81,634 01</u>
Initial appropriation for year ending March 31, 1919.....		\$556,851 18
Net additional appropriation to June 30, 1918.....		24,859 35
		<u>\$581,710 53</u>
Deficit March 31, 1918.....		128,131 27
		<u>\$709,841 80</u>
Amount needed for year (at this date).....		\$709,841 80
Amount received for objects outside the budget, \$3,687.50.		

EDWIN F. WILLIS, Treasurer.

Nashville, Tenn., July 3, 1918.



MRS. W. C. WINSBOROUGH, SUPT. AND EDITOR, 1101-2 EMPIRE BUILDING,
ATLANTA, GA.

"That in all things He might have the Pre-eminence."

POSSIBILITIES OF A MISSIONARY LEAFLET.

BY MRS. E. C. CRONK.

A YOUNG Frenchman was wounded at the siege of San Quentin. As he languished on his pallet his eye fell on a leaflet. He read the leaflet and it changed all the rest of his life. Before the Church of the Consistory in Paris stands the monument of that French soldier with a Bible in his hand. On the monument is the name of Admiral Coligny, the great leader of the Reformation in France. Having brought the conviction of the truths of the Reformation to the heart of Coligny, the leaflet journeyed on. The next reader was a Sister of Mercy, who was nursing the soldier. Terror-stricken and penitent over having read such a bold statement against the Church of Rome, the Sister fled to the Lady Abbess to confess her guilt. To determine the extent of the Sister's guilt it was necessary for the Lady Abbess to read the leaflet. As she read a great light shone in her own heart. Convinced by this light, she was compelled to flee from France to the Palatinate. With her she carried the leaflet containing its message of truth and light. Just a leaflet it was, which cost only a few cents; but it was destined to "stand before kings." The Lady Abbess became the wife of William of Orange, and the leaflet with which she fled from France influenced his stand for the truths of the Reformation. All this came to pass because some unknown person left a leaflet on a hospital pallet.

* * *

A young New York physician was visiting a patient. Brilliant prospects were be-

fore this young doctor. His practice was growing rapidly and his income was taking on large proportions. His fame was growing also, and his host of friends were forecasting that John Scudder would soon be one of New York's foremost physicians.

On this day, as he waited in the home of a patient, he picked up a copy of a leaflet, "The Conversion of the World, or the Claims of Six Hundred Millions," written by those two pioneer missionary spirits, Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell. Dr. Scudder asked permission to take the leaflet home with him. There he read it, over and over again, until the claims of those six hundred millions without the gospel and without medical care took hold upon his heart, so that he fell on his knees before the Lord, who had said, "Go ye into all the world," asking "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Because of the call which came to him through that leaflet Dr. John Scudder went to India as the first medical missionary from America. Because he blazed the way, his nine children, and not fewer than fifteen of his grandchildren, have followed in his train and given their lives to missionary service. At a recent Northfield Conference a company of missionaries stood on the platform. When the presiding officer requested all who were not descendants of this grand old pioneer to be seated, we scarcely missed those who sat down for wonder and amazement at the number of Scudders who were furloughed representatives of this great missionary family at this one

conference. Thousands of lives have been saved, hospitals have been opened and tens of thousands of souls have been led to our Saviour because a hundred years ago a woman laid a missionary leaflet on her table.

* * *

A speaker had finished his eloquent missionary appeal. Eagerly the audience had followed his every word. At the close of the meeting they flocked around him.

"Oh," said one woman, as she wrung the speaker's hand with ardent appreciation, "If only I could speak as you do! If only it were possible for me to pass that wonderful address on to others!"

"It is," said the speaker, with quiet grace. "For five cents you can get it at the book counter by the door as you go out."

It is not easy to surrender the alluring impossibility of standing before the multitudes and swaying them with our eloquence, to the prosaic possibility of standing before the book counter and passing our coin across it. The larger possibility for most of us, however, is in the latter stand.

HOW TO USE LEAFLETS.

Read them and have other people read them. A young girl was asked to read a leaflet at a missionary meeting. When she had finished the reading she said, "I must confess that I promised to read this, under protest. I was coming to the meeting especially to ask the president to quit bothering me about attending this missionary society, but I have stood up here and answered with my own mouth every objection I had expected to make, and I have convinced myself that there is really no reason why I should not come and that there are many reasons why I should." That same leaflet read aloud in gatherings of women has brought the same conviction to thousands.

A well-known lawyer carries in his pocket a convincing missionary leaflet. Often when making an address he takes it out and reads several paragraphs. When he is traveling with a friend or talking to a group of men he skilfully steers the conversation around to a point which enables him to pull out this telling bit of missionary ammunition and fire it.

"VALUE RECEIVED" IN THREE-CENT STAMPS.

"That letter is not worth three cents," said a woman as she was reading an envelope.

"Why not make it worth it?" suggested the woman who always went loaded with missionary leaflets, as she slipped one into the envelope. "Postage rates are so high," she added, with the shrewd smile of the close trader. "I always try to get my

money's worth out of every stamp. I know so many of my letters are not worth three cents that I have just formed the habit of slipping a good missionary leaflet in with them to be sure I get value received.

"The business men all do it," she continued earnestly, "and it seems to me that we who are about the King's business ought to be as wide-awake to use every opportunity for informing and interesting people in his business."

READINGS BY ELOCUTIONISTS.

An almost untouched field is this. Great multitudes of people are interested and entertained by elocutionists, but few teachers of expression or professional readers have ever had their attention directed to the thrilling stories of missionary heroism. A woman who is eager to circulate missionary leaflets in every way possible recently sent to the teachers of expression in a number of colleges and to professional readers and story-tellers, whom she knew, copies of leaflets with dramatic possibilities, and stories which any story-teller would gladly welcome. The results were not only the enlisting of these leaders, but the reaching of hundreds of people who heard them. Some of the readers who had never considered missionary literature in their search for material found here pathos and humor, romance and heroism in their finest forms, and were delighted over their introduction to a new realm of material. One teacher of expression was called on again to give Elsie Singmaster's "Unconquerable Hope," published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and reprinted in leaflet form. Two professional story-tellers who regularly tell stories to many children seemed never to have known before that there was anybody in missionary books except abnormally good little boys and girls who did nothing but sit still and die early. They were amazed to find that the "plenty of action" called for in their story-telling outlines abounded in such a fascinating way in the missionary stories they received, which were gladly added to their store.

DECLAMATION CONTESTS.

A wide range of possibility is suggested by this description of a Declamation Contest:

"We realized that our boys and girls were learning to talk everything else except missions. The fire insurance companies had offered a prize for the best essay on fire prevention. The D. A. R.'s had stirred the whole community by Revolution Declamations. The W. C. T. U.'s had conducted a fine contest on temperance that awakened much interest and did much good, so we decided to have a Missionary

Declamation Contest. We put up, in the Sunday school building, a poster telling all about it, and a register for entries. There were two classes for entry. Class A was open to boys and girls under fifteen, and Class B to those over fifteen and under eighteen. Twenty-five leaflets were exhibited from which choice of declamation was to be made. Contestants were also given the privilege of writing their own declamations, subject to the approval of the committee. Admission was by ticket, though no charge was made. Each contestant was given twenty-five tickets marked with his number, it being understood that those who had their full twenty-five tickets brought in on the night of the contest, by persons who were present, scored one additional point. The house was full of people and the boys and girls were full of enthusiasm. Their voices rang out clear and strong in the splendid recital of missionary heroism. Not one of them failed to catch the fire of the great purpose of the heroes of whom they told, and not a heart in that audience but that was touched, not a conscience but that was quickened. The offering for missions, taken while the judges were meeting, was the largest one we ever had. The judges were invited guests, not connected with the congregation. A missionary library of six volumes was presented to the winner and a generous friend gave a copy of "Livingstone, the Pathfinder," to every contestant. The results were so far-reaching we have decided to make our Missionary Declamation Contest an annual event."

WHAT SOME FOLKS DO WITH MISSIONARY LEAFLETS.

At Christmas time she bought copies of an attractive leaflet, exquisite in its holly and Christmas bells, and irresistible in its missionary appeal, and mailed one to each of the friends to whom she usually sent Christmas cards.

* * *

A young people's society eager to use every opportunity to reach the entire congregation with a missionary appeal mailed to each member at Easter a dainty leaflet which brought to each one the glad Easter message, "He is Risen," and laid on each heart the compelling Easter commission, "Go and Tell."

* * *

She was a plain, unassuming little body who would scarcely dare address a word to an audience; but she longed to speak a missionary message. She bought as many copies of a good missionary story as there were scholars in the primary department of the Sunday school and handed one to each child at the close of the session.

A pastor who mailed a parish paper to every member of his congregation each month gladly acceded to the request of the missionary society to enclose a timely missionary leaflet with each paper.

* * *

When scores of young girls, who were guests at the luncheon given at Northfield at a recent Home Mission Conference assembled, they found leaflets for place cards.

* * *

A woman who knows how to avoid ruts suggests missionary leaflets as occasional place cards for regular meetings. Let every member locate her place by a leaflet on which her name is written. Note absentees and have their leaflets carried to them by women who will make them wish they had been there and who will interest them in the next meeting, and tell them about the work. If a personal call is not possible in every case, mail the leaflet with a note from the president or some other officer.

* * *

A North Carolina business man has in his office a row of pigeon-holes full of missionary leaflets. When he sends out a letter he encloses the leaflet he thinks will mean most to the person to whom he is writing.

* * *

A hostess was putting a dainty lunch in a dainty box for a departing guest. Right on the top, peeping out from a Japanese napkin, she tucked in an attractive missionary leaflet. "No human being," thought she, as she smiled at her own cunning, "would be mean enough to eat my lunch and throw away my leaflet unread, and no human being could read this leaflet without being interested."

* * *

Several prominent business men, who wanted to make a missionary investment that would count, bought hundreds of copies of "Confessions of a Business Man," by George Innes, and mailed them to successful business men, many of whom had never had any idea before that really big business men were interested in missions.

* * *

A primary Sunday school superintendent has a birthday box into which the children put missionary gifts. Then she has another birthday box which brings a birthday gift to them. It is a plain pasteboard box, decorated attractively, with cut-out missionary pictures. On the inside of the box is a collection of pictures and the most interesting stories to be had in leaflet form. The birthday child is allowed to take the box home on Sunday and to keep it for a week. After reading all the stories the one pronounced "best of all" is to be kept for a birthday gift and the others returned. New leaflets are constantly added.

"Get into the habit of attaching a missionary leaflet to every gift you make," said a literature enthusiast. "If you are giving a doll to a little girl, tie an attractive missionary story to dolly's arm. If you send a ball and bat to a boy, see that a rousing story of missionary heroism or a story of some boys of other lands is fastened on them. Nestled in your bouquet of flowers, atop your bowl of fruit, inside the dainty bag—let there be just the missionary leaflet best suited to reach the person who is to receive the gift. When you get off a train do not be so particular to pick up all your belongings. You might leave a missionary leaflet behind. Who knows who will come along and pick it up? Perhaps a John Scudder may chance that way."

* * *

At another conference a demonstration was made of the possibility of having a certain leaflet read by everybody on the grounds within forty-eight hours. Six girls entered a contest to see which could secure the most readers. Each girl was given a cardboard folder attractively decorated on the back. On the inside were blanks for the signatures of the readers secured. Hither and thither the girls went in search for readers. When the reports were turned in there were more signatures than there were delegates, which, upon investigation, revealed not a stuffed ballot, but an interest which extended beyond the delegates to outside guests and to the force employed by the hotel.

HOME MISSION CONTEST.

The following interesting contest is staged for Missouri Synodical by the efficient and resourceful Secretary of Assembly's Home Mission of Missouri, Mrs. John F. Green. We await its development with interest:

ASSEMBLY'S HOME MISSION CONTEST FOR THE
SYNODICAL OF MISSOURI.

May-November, 1918.

For the promotion of a deeper interest in the widening scope of the Assembly's Home Missions, we have put forth in the Synodical of Missouri an Assembly's Home Mission Contest, the results of which will be presented at the meeting of the Synodical in Kansas City, November 5 to 7, 1918.

The relative needs, opportunities and development of the Assembly's Home Missions in six of the adjacent States will be considered by the six Presbyterials of Missouri, one State being allotted to each Presbyterial, as follows:

A beautiful tribute sent to an author was a copy of one of her own leaflets with the autographs of a group of girls who had read it and had been helped by its message.

MISSIONARY TRAVELERS.

Mrs. C. N. McHose, of Lancaster, Pa., has routed and started on their journeyings some interesting missionary travelers. She says:

"For some time we felt that, in our Church, too few of our women had a chance to enjoy the splendid missionary literature which we used in our monthly programs. We, therefore, called for leaflets, magazines and other missionary literature which our active members had on hand. We received enough to prepare sixteen very interesting boxes which we called 'Missionary Travelers.' Four women were chosen to personally conduct the journeyings of these missionary travelers to the homes of shut-ins, of mothers who had small children, and of other women who for various reasons could not or would not come to the regular meetings."

Price, 2 cents each; 10 cents per dozen. Published by the Co-operative Literature Committee of the Women's Missionary Societies of the Lutheran Church, 844 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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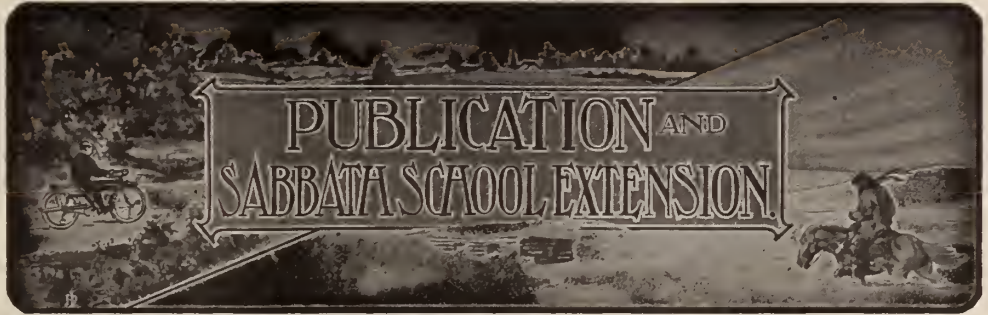
Presbyterial.	State.
Lafayette	Arkansas
Missouri	Kentucky
Palmyra	Louisiana
Potosi	New Mexico
St. Louis	Oklahoma
Upper Missouri	Texas

The Contest will be based upon

- (1) The best map,
- (2) The best poster,
- (3) The best tabulated statement, and
- (4) The most convincing appeal

presented by any organization, Sunday school class or individual, in a Presbyterial, on the missionary aspects of the State allotted to that Presbyterial.

By the hearty co-operation of Presidents, Secretaries of Assembly's Home Missions and Secretaries of Literature in the local organizations, we believe that a very enlightening propaganda on the entire field of domestic missionary effort will be developed, and we earnestly request that the thoughts and prayers of local missionary organizations shall be centered on the home field during the summer months.



Branch Department at
Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.

PUBLISHING HOUSE,
6-8 North Sixth Street, RICHMOND, VA

WHO'S WHO?

(From a Junior's Standpoint.)

NELL MANLY McWILLIAMS.

I WONDER if you could ever guess who these four men are? No, they are not Woodrow Wilson, nor Pershing, nor Foch, but they are great men just the same, and are all of them doing a great big work.

Well, I want to tell you that we have had some fun playing "Who's Who" with this picture, and I think we have done some good, too. We are a Sunday-school class of Junior boys, and our teacher got this negative from the Presbyterian Committee of Publication and had a large bromide print made about 14x18 (it cost very little), and then she tinted it with water-colors.

We learned who these men are and what they are doing, and if we haven't had fun asking the grown people in our Sunday school!

Why, you wouldn't believe it, but just lots of them didn't know a thing about them when we told them who they were! And these men mean everything to our Southern Presbyterian Church, too!

Well, this is a part of what we Junior boys have learned. From left to right, the first man is Dr. Egbert W. Smith, Sec-



retary of Foreign Missions, and his office is in Nashville, Tenn. He has given his life to building up not only our own churches, but all those in the foreign lands, and we have been sending our mite-box money to Nashville ever since we can remember.

The next one is Mr. R. E. Magill. He is our Secretary of Publication and Sabbath Schools. The boys and girls are particularly interested in him because his

work gives us "Onward," "Junior Life" and our quarterlies and builds Sunday schools for the boys and girls all over the South. Then, too, he grew up in Catoosa County adjoining us and probably visited Dalton when he was a boy. Mr. Magill is not a preacher, but our teacher says he is a good example of what a consecrated layman can do for our Church. His office is in Richmond, Va., and if we boys are ever in Richmond we are certainly going around to see our big publishing house there.

The third man is Dr. Homer McMillan, who with Dr. Morris is Secretary of Home Missions, and his office is near us in Atlanta, Ga. We get so many fine programs

for Children's Day from his office, and he is doing a great work among the Indians, mountaineers, negroes, etc.

The last one is Dr. Henry H. Sweets, our Secretary of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief. That is a whopping big name for him, isn't it? But we understand it. If any of us want to study for the ministry after awhile (and one boy in our class thinks he will), we will go to Dr. Sweets for help, as he has helped many, many young men through his committee. Then, too, they help the old preachers who can't preach any longer. My mother says her dear old pastor, who was here for thirty years, was helped in his last days by this committee, though of course our Church continued to pay him as much as they could as long as he lived. When I am grown up she wants me to always contribute liberally to this cause.

Dr. Sweets' office is in Louisville, Ky., and he looks so jolly I know we boys would like him.

Now don't you think every boy and girl ought to know these men's faces and names and the work they are doing, so that if we ever meet them we can salute them and call them by name? And wouldn't they be pleased to have us do this? I wish all Sunday schools had a big picture of them like ours, because if everybody knew about them they would be more interested in the work they are doing. Our teacher says that it used to be that when you spoke of "missions" you meant *foreign missions*, but now "missions" means the work of these four Secretaries which includes all of our work. So now when you look at this picture you, too, know "Who's Who."

OPEN LETTERS.

THE Presbyterian Committee of Publication is wondering if the readers of the "Survey" would not like to peep into its mail bag this month.

You would be tired, indeed, if you had to read all of one day's mail (sometimes there are as many as a thousand letters), so we are going to open only one letter for you. It gives an insight into the kind of questions which we are constantly being asked.

It is not only the business, but the pleasure, of our committee to answer these letters.

We are publishing a part of letter with the answer which was sent by our elementary worker:

LETTER.

We are trying to reorganize and grade the Beginners' and Primary Departments in our Presbyterian Sunday school. We know so little about this work.

I would like to ask the following questions:

1. What is the best opening exercises for *Beginners, for Primary?*

2. Does the child's age promote her or him to the Primary or Junior, or are they required to cover a certain amount of study?

3. How many times in a year do you promote, and when?

4. When a number of Primary scholars (enough to form a class) are promoted to the Juniors, does a Primary teacher go out with them?

5. Do you use sand-tables in either department?

ANSWER.

Your letter regarding Elementary Work was referred to me. It is a pleasure to talk to you about it, and the business-like form of your inquiry makes it especially easy.

I am sending by same mail our Elementary leaflets, including a copy of the Standards which will answer questions which may occur to you from time to time. I would also recommend that you read Mrs. Eryner's "Elementary Division Organized for Service," price 50 cents.

I will now take up your questions in order:

1. There is no cut and dried rule for opening exercises either for Beginners or Primaries, but I always map out my program on the following broad lines:

Worship—This may consist of songs, prayer and various worshipful exercises. (See little pamphlet, "A Few Elementary Tools") For appropriate songs see "Carols," "Melodies" and children's section of our new hymn book, "Life and Service Hymns."

Fellowship—This means welcoming new pupils (see "Welcome Song" in Life and Service Hymns), absentees, etc.

Giving Service—Appropriate song. Let children march and present gifts.

Memory Work—This is not a large part of the Beginners' program. Just the memory verse for day and *very few* catechism questions. With the Primaries, you will find the memory work carefully mapped out in Graded Manual which I am sending. This is the time when the class teachers do their best work. Give them about twenty minutes for this.

Lesson Story—This takes about ten minutes for Beginners and fifteen for Primaries.

Conclusion—Just a song or prayer bearing directly on lesson.

2. The child's age promotes him from Beginners' to Primary Departments. When it comes to promotion for Primary to Junior Departments, I should promote him on age, but should make a distinction between those promoted with honor (receiving diplomas) and those who are not, the latter receiving no diplomas. We recommend an average of 75 per cent or more as the requirement for promotion with certificate or diploma. (See Graded Manual.)

3. We recommend promotion only once a year. The local school decides this date. Most of them promote either in the spring or the fall. The important point is that one day in the year be set apart for this.

4. No, I would not advise you to send teacher up with class. I would let her specialize in her work.

5. Yes, a sand-table is helpful in both departments in making the stories, etc., more vivid. In the Primary Department it is helpful in presenting missionary stories. (In this connection let me digress enough to recommend "African Picture Stories" with the pictures, price 30 cents.)

PROMOTION DAY PROGRAM.

(This program is only suggestive. It is not desired that a program for Promotion Day shall consist of "stunts"—that is, exercises, speeches, etc., learned for the occasion. The best program will be a presentation of a part of the work that is being done in the school. It may be necessary to substitute for some of these numbers, although the selections were carefully made, with the Graded Manual in mind.)

All departments march into the school singing "Light Up the World for Jesus" (Life and Service Hymns) or any other good march song.

Scripture: Read by pastor or Superintendent.

Prayer: Pastor or Superintendent.

ELEMENTARY DIVISION.

Welcome to Cradle Roll Babies: Sung by Beginners. "Thank God for Little Children" or chorus of "Welcome Song" (both found in "Life and Service Hymns").

Cradle Roll Called: Call this from the wall Cradle Roll. As each name is called, child is brought forward and receives a flower from the Cradle Roll Superintendent.

Graduates from the Cradle Roll: As name is called, child comes forward and receives certificate of promotion to the Beginners' Department. This

class of Cradle Roll graduates is then welcomed by Beginners' Superintendent or teacher.

Song by Beginners: "Night and Day," from "Life and Service Hymns," or a selected song.

Graduates from Beginners' Department: Names called; diplomas given; welcome by Primary Superintendent or teacher.

Primary Memory Work: Luke 2:8-14 or "A Wonderful House" (found in little pamphlet entitled "A Few Elementary Tools"), or any passage of Scripture which they have learned.

Song by Primaries: "The World Children for Jesus" (Life and Service Hymns).

Primary Graduates: Names called; diplomas given; short statement by Primary Superintendent or teacher of the work accomplished during the year; welcome by Junior Superintendent or teacher.

The Junior Department: Names of the books of the Bible in groups; "Palestine Song" (found in "A Few Elementary Tools").

Junior Graduates: Names called; diplomas given; short statement by Superintendent or teacher of work accomplished during the year; welcome by the Superintendent of the Secondary Division or Superintendent of the Intermediate Department; a brief statement by Superintendent of the aims for the coming year.

SECONDARY DIVISION.

Intermediate Department: Short paper read by a boy or girl in the department, telling what the department has accomplished during the past year. The following outline will be suggestive:

(a) Study work.

(b) Activities.

On Sunday.

Through the week.

Diplomas Given: Welcome to Senior Department, preferably by a boy or girl representing the department.

Song (the whole school): "When Your Life Rings True."

Senior Department: President of a class in this department tells what an organized class has meant or may mean.

ADULT DIVISION.

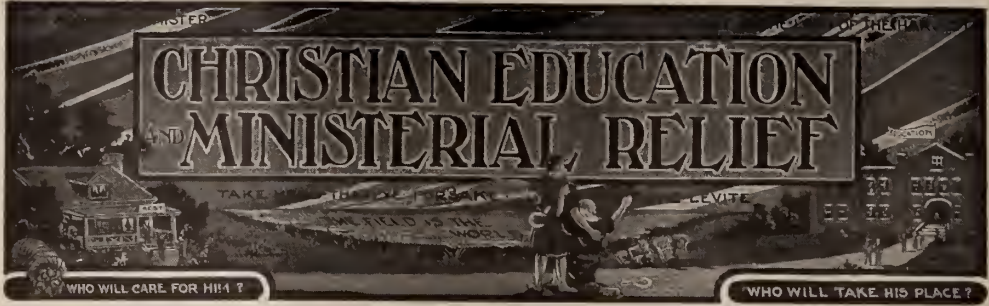
Welcome by a representative of this division. (This may be done by the president of one of the organized classes.)

Home Department: Report by Home Department Superintendent.

Presentation of Certificates or Diplomas to Teacher Training Class.

Song: Selected.

Dismissal.



Address All Communications Relating to
this Department to
REV. HENRY H. SWEETS, D. D., SECRETARY,
122 FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Make All Remittances to
MR. JOHN STITES, TREASURER,
FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AND MINISTERIAL RELIEF.

WE call special attention to the following extract from the actions of the General Assembly with regard to the work of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief:

INADEQUATE SALARIES OF MINISTERS.

"Whereas, the salaries of our ministers are, as a rule, inadequate for their support, on account of the great increase in the costs of the necessaries of life, bringing on a condition which threatens the increased efficiency and future supply of ministers, we recommend that all of the Presbyteries be directed to consider at once practical means of increasing the salaries of the ministers; that the Presbyterial Committees of Ministerial Education and Relief arrange before the next meeting of Presbytery, if possible, for deputations of laymen to visit the churches in the Presbytery, and confer with, advise and assist the Church officers in the matter of increase of salaries.

"That the Executive Committee of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief, which has already done so much in this direction, be directed to supervise and further the adoption and putting into operation plans in all the Presbyteries, to remedy the acute situation facing the whole Church, relative to the adequate support of the ministry."

A THREE YEARS' PROGRAM.

The Assembly approves the three-year program, as outlined by the Executive Committee, as follows:

"The Executive Committee, desiring to

further the interests committed to it by the General Assembly in the most thorough and systematic way, suggests that the following program for the next three years be approved:

1. That the Executive Committee, through carefully planned and sustained efforts, see that all the youth of the Church are brought face to face with the problem of their life's work, so that they may be able more clearly to discern God's plan for their lives.

2. That the Student Loan Fund of the Church be increased during this period to at least \$250,000. As the purpose of this fund is two-fold: to assist our Presbyterian colleges and to enable the boys and girls from poor homes of our Church to secure a higher education, the fullest co-operation of these institutions should be secured. No investment will yield larger returns than these in the lives of our boys and girls of approved character as they are being prepared for Christian leadership in the coming age.

3. That within this period the Endowment Fund of Ministerial Relief be increased to at least \$1,000,000. That the Executive Committee during this time secure from the ministers of the Church and their families data that will furnish the basis for the future statesman-like handling of this sacred and binding obligation of the Church.

4. That within this period the Executive Committee put forth its utmost endeavor to assist the various Synods to perfect their educational policies and to equip and endow the educational institutions under control of the Synods.

5. That the Executive Committee assist the Synods to arouse the members within

their bounds to a full appreciation of the responsibility of the Church for the boys and girls who are attending the State institutions of learning. That the committee labor together with the Synods to the end that a well-equipped church, with an efficient pastor, may be sustained by the side of each of the State institutions of higher learning."

CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY AND MISSION SERVICE.

Extensive information of serious character with regard to the large number of candidates for the ministry who have entered the national service and the great need for ministers and missionaries, both at home and abroad, was presented by the Executive Committee to the General Assembly, and the following directions were given:

"The Executive Committee be directed to undertake among our soldiers in cantonments, a campaign of education, seeking to enlist students for the gospel ministry, in order that their minds may be turned definitely to this work during their service and upon their discharge. That our Executive Committee invite the co-

operation of the Army Y. M. C. A. and the churches of the Reformed faith in America in such a campaign."

(a) 1. "That so far as practicable, our committee's arrangement of the Christmas programs be used in our Sabbath schools.

(a) 2. "That the women's societies of the Church be especially asked to lend the full measure of their co-operation, in setting forth the claims of the gospel ministry and mission service before our boys and girls."

OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

(b) 1. "Rejoicing in the progress of our educational work, the committee be urged to give the largest possible help to Presbyteries and Synods in meeting the urgent need of institutions for equipment and endowment. In doing this the Assembly would again call the attention of its constituency to the critical condition of many of our educational institutions, especially our colleges.

(b) 2. "Because of this, we recommend that a day of prayer for schools and colleges and the youth gathered within them be observed on the last Sabbath in February, together with the preceding week."

PRISON OR THRONE.

BY ALEATHEA T. COBBS.

FOR cruel treachery and pathos, history has recorded few incidents that have so stirred the emotions as that of the boy king Edward VI and his brother in the Tower of London; sleeping one night with their arms around each other, while their murderers stealthily crept up the winding stone steps and smothered them in their own pillows. The essence of the tragedy lies in the unfulfilled destinies of the royal innocents, and the crime, in that one of their own blood should deprive them of their royal right to sit upon thrones, and to serve their country gloriously in court and on battle-field.

The story is but a type of youth's most common tragedy. Not two, but thousands of American princes are bound in prison who by right should inherit thrones or swing the battle-axe in freedom's cause. Their young lives pulsing with unrealized potentialities are smothered, who might be leaders in the world's great empires.

Is this a playing with words? Oh, no! It is the truth, for I write of the spirits of youths who are fettered and shut in from life's high destinies by ignorance—who cannot hear or answer the clarion calls of their age.

Education must draw these princes out of their prison-house. Not the cold scientific training of body or mind, and neglect of soul which is called "Kultur" and which one of the most scholastic nations of earth is trying to thrust upon the world; but that drawing out of the entire man into a strong, unfettered life, by Christian education. For if the Son make them free, they shall be free indeed.

A raw-boned, powerfully built lad, poorly clad, and leading a calf by a rope, appeared early one morning at the door of a mountain school. Forty miles had he plodded. And he stated his mission clearly: "I want you all to gi' me an eddication. I ain't got nothin 'but this 'ere heifer, but I kin work." It meant only this: A prince was in prison, bound to the rocks, and his royal spirit demanded freedom and the right to stand among his peers.

Today our country issues a compelling call to every loyal-hearted American to lend money in the form of "Liberty Loans" that our government may have means for prosecuting a war for "freedom and justice—a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it." And how gladly we

lend our gold to the mother country and the cause of world freedom!

Our Church, which was the nurse if not the mother of American liberties, and which cradled the young Republic in its Christian colleges, from which giants went forth to rule the nation's destinies, may well urge as in imperative, patriotic, Christian duty today, large gifts to our "Student Loan Fund" that our poor boys and girls may be enabled to receive a higher education and we may have a *people who shall be safe for the world*. For we certainly cannot better serve our generation than by helping to send out into this war-racked, bewildered age strong and free men and women, with minds and hearts grounded in the principles that made our country great, fit to be leaders of thought and action. It is by the overwhelming power of such high moral and spiritual forces that the world is to be ultimately saved, not only from the brute force of aggressive autocracies, but also from the insidious and deadly vagaries of a materialistic socialism that lies at the far swing of the pendulum.

The need is so tremendous we cannot afford to leave one capable boy or girl cramped and shackled by ignorance, and thus unprepared to meet the higher calls to service.

Liberty Bonds are loans to the government, and after a while will return to the lender with money added by way of interest—and all of which might then even be squandered for pleasure, if desired.

But "The Student Loan Fund" asks gifts of you that it may lend to the student for his college training, also to come back again. This money is transformed into brain power, spiritual energy, moral fibre, and after a while the money comes back into the treasury from men and women who have found their place in the world and are doing valiant service. And then, unwearied, it fares forth again on its mission of light and liberation. And again it returns, and again goes forth, through untold years—back and forth like a shuttle will it run, this money of yours and mine, weaving itself in and out through the lives of trained men and women and the destinies of the nation, until a noble fabric is wrought—set with stars—the real service flag of our Church.

Don't you long to have a star in the flag, by liberating one prince from the shackles of ignorance and sending him out into trained service for God and America?

Let your dollars do double duty—buy "Liberty Bonds" and put them in "The Student Loan Fund" of your Church.

DOES EDUCATION PAY?

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

Does it pay to escape being a rich ignoramus?

Does it pay for a chrysalis to unfold into a butterfly?

Does it pay to learn how to make life a glory instead of a grind?

Does it pay to add power to the lens of the microscope or telescope?

Does it pay a diamond to have its facets ground, to let in the light, to reveal its hidden wealth of splendor?

Does it pay to have expert advice and training, to have high ideals held up to one in the most critical years of life?

Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrow life? To push out one's horizon in order to get a wider outlook, a clearer vision?

Does it pay to experience the joy of self-discovery, to open up whole continents of possibilities in one's nature which might otherwise remain undiscovered?—"The York Success."

POTASH AND PREACHERS.

BY REV. M. E. MELVIN, D. D.

ABOUT POTASH.

POTASH is one of three essential elements for all vegetable life. The world would starve in a few years without sufficient potash. Practically the whole supply of the world up to 1914 came from the mines of Strassfurt, Germany. Then it was \$40 per ton; now it is \$500, and cannot be had. Already some crops are showing the effects of this loss.

Our government is making heroic efforts to discover a process of producing potash. The supply is abundant everywhere, but is not available commercially. The total available supply in the United States is only 10 per cent of normal. Promising experiments are being made to furnish ample supply. There must be no potash famine.

ABOUT PREACHERS.

The Church is essential to civilization. The Church expresses itself through its min-

istry, and yet this war bids fair to produce a famine of ministers.

Thousands of young men preparing for the ministry have gone into the trenches. It takes about four thousand entering the ranks every year in the United States to fill vacancies. Normally there are only two thousand graduates of seminaries annually, but last year one thousand less entered the seminaries than the year before.

Like potash, the total supply is abundant, but not available. There are enough young men of promise who could be led into the ministry.

The Church has one source of supply only. The Christian colleges of the United States furnish more than 85 per cent of all ministers and missionaries sent out. This is no experiment, but a time tried and tested method.

The Christian college then becomes our hope. We must maintain it at any cost.

If you wish to influence the thought and life of the future, put some of your money in a tested Christian college.

A LARGER USE OF LAYMEN.

BY ALFRED AKERMAN, *Dean,*
The Georgia College of Forestry.

THE Presbyterian Church does not draw on its lay resources to the extent that it might. The layman who wants to help may find work in the Sabbath school, on the diaconate, in the session, or in some kind of personal endeavor. If he wants to serve, he can find work; there is no question about that. The question is whether he can find the work that he is best adapted to. The field is restricted. A larger field would mean a wider range of adaptation.

There is a margin between the usual lay activities and the clergyman's field, which is mostly fallow ground. It is worked in spots. It could and ought to be worked systematically.

There are laymen who can read a chapter, lead in prayer, make a talk, and influence folks through visitation and personal appeal. There are lawyers, physicians and business men who cannot give all of their time to religious work, but who can give part of it. Their willingness to serve is shown by the way they have

taken hold of interdenominational movements and their enthusiasm and ability has helped carry those movements forward. Most of those interdenominational movements should be encouraged, and it is no reflection on them to say that there should be some agency inside the Church to draw out and use this lay power that has been manifested in interdenominational movements but which is mostly latent. The lay resources of our Church remind one of a ten-acre pond that we occasionally dip into with a quart can.

There is work and there are workmen. What we lack is the means of bringing the two together. Probably the best way to handle this question is through the synodical committees on supply, but who handles it or where it is handled is not so important as that it should be handled. To make my thought clear, let us suppose that the Committee on Supply of this Synod (Georgia) prepares blanks for laymen and distributes them through the ministers. A layman who wishes to volunteer

puts down his name, occupation, experience in religious work, when and how long he would be available, kind of work he would prefer, whether he could give time and expenses or only time, and names of persons who could vouch for his qualifications. These blanks come back to the committee, are investigated and filed. Now suppose the committee learns of a struggling church which is for the time without a pastor and no minister can be supplied. The committee goes to the lay file, finds that a teacher in one of our schools can give the month of August, and sends him. He goes to that church and holds it together until September, when a minister comes to relieve him. Suppose again that the committee hears of a neighborhood where there is no church, but where one might be organized. A layman is selected and sent to that neighborhood. He holds prayer meetings and talks things over with the folks. At the end of two weeks he is able to report on the condition of the field and to advise as to the next step. These two cases are merely illustrations; there are many ways of using laymen.

A fuller use of laymen by the Synods would reach in a wholesome way on the congregations. Laymen would get in the habit of serving. It has always seemed a pity to me for a congregation to scatter when a pastor takes a vacation. For instance, there should be one or more laymen in a congregation who can keep up

the worship of the Lord during the pastor's absence. The congregation ought not to go romping off like children when the teacher gets the measles.

While the neglect of our lay resources was suggested by the call for more men for the ministry, it is not my thought that laymen should usurp the place of clergymen. On the contrary, I believe that a fuller use of our laymen would result in a greater demand for ordained men. Anything that tends towards growth, tends towards a greater demand for ministers

I know that I am writing about an old problem. That gap between laymen and clergymen has been there a long time. Instead of letting it alone because it is an old problem, we ought to try all the harder to find some way to fill it. Other branches of the Church have seen it and some of them have taken steps to fill it. The Episcopalians have their lay readers, the Methodists have their local preachers, and I am told in our own denomination that one Synod, that of Mississippi, has adopted or at least discussed a plan for a wider and more effective use of laymen. If that plan works, all the Synods ought to adopt it. If it does not work, something else should be tried, and we should keep on trying until we find something that will work. There is no sense in letting our lay resources go to waste.

Greensboro, Ga.

DOES RELIGION NEED EDUCATION?

IT is because Christianity is a compelling religion of the mind as well as of the heart that it is sure to last and conquer. Its hope is in the convictions of truth which it inculcates, in the adherence to principles, based on reason, which it supplies. It calls itself "the truth"—and then summons every mind to examine it, to test it—by intellectual as well as by every other process—and to see whether it is the truth. Christianity never has asked to be treated as an invalid, and so be dealt gently with in investigation and criticism. Christianity claims to be health itself, and calls to all the world to come with questioning and with probe, and ascertain if it has not the vigor of eternal life.

From Paul's day to this Christianity has been dependent on the scholar. The scholar is not merely the glorious product of Christianity, he is also the glorious supporter of Christianity. It is true that the gospel is so simple that a child can believe it to his present and eternal salvation: but it is also true that the gospel deals with such majestic and boundless themes that if any one is to declare them fittingly he must be

a full-grown man of the richest and ripest culture. Christlieb used to say that "the Christian is the Bible which the world reads and by which it judges of Christianity"—and the saying is true. And still had the word never had "apologists"—men who defended the gospel from ignorant and injurious attacks upon it, one of the greatest requirements of our religion would have been lacking. The man who in the drawing room can talk Christianity so as to make it intelligible and winsome is a mighty force for religion. To be able to sit down in a college circle or a social club and intelligently state the distinguishing factors of Christianity is to wield power for good. And then if a person in a romance, or a song, or in a public address can set forth Christianity in appropriate language and in beautiful style, what larger opportunity can he wish for blessing God's world!

As we look back over the centuries we see how the scholar becomes the background for great religious movements and great religious advances!—*Sunday School Times.*

Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

AFRICA-CONGO MISSION AFRICA. [48]

Bulape, 1915.

Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Washburn.
Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Cleveland
Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Wharton

Luebo, 1891.

*Rev. and Mrs. Motté Martin
*Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Coppedge
*Miss Maria Fearing (c)
Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Crane
*Mr. T. J. Arnold, Jr.

Miss Elda M. Fair
Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Vinson
*Rev. S. H. Wilds
Dr. and Mrs. T. Th. Stixrud

Rev. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon
†Mr. and Mrs. T. Daumery
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Allen

Mr. B. M. Schlottter
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. McElroy
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stegall
Miss Mary E. Kirkland
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Longenecker
Mrs. S. N. Edhegard
†Rev. S. N. Edhegard

Ibanche, 1897.

Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Edmiston

Mutoto, 1912.

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. T. McKee
*Rev. A. A. Rochester (c)
Rev. and Mrs. Plumer Smith
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. R. King

Lusambo, 1913.

*Rev. and Mrs. J. McC. Sieg
Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Bedinger
Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Kellersberger
Mr. W. L. Hillhouse

E. BRAZIL MISSION. [15]

Lavras, 1893.

Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Gammon
Miss Charlotte Kemper
*Rev. H. S. Allyn, M. D.
*Mrs. H. S. Allyn
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Knight
Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hunnicutt
*Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Baker
†Rev. A. S. Maxwell
Miss Genevieve Marchant

Piumhy, 1896.

Mrs. Kate B. Cowan

Bom Successo.

Miss Ruth See
Mrs. D. G. Armstrong

W. BRAZIL MISSION. [9]

Ytu, 1909.

Rev. and Mrs. Jas. P. Smith

Braganca, 1907.

Rev. and Mrs. Gaston Boyle

Campinas, 1869.

Mrs. J. R. Smith

Itapetininga, 1912.

Descalvado, 1908.

Rev. and Mrs. Alva Hardie

Sao Sebastiao do Paraizo, 1917.

Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Daffin

N. BRAZIL MISSION [13]

Garanhuns, 1895.

Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Henderlite
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson
Miss Eliza M. Reed

Pernambuco, 1873.

*Miss Margaret Douglas
Miss Edmonia R. Martin
Miss Leora James (Natal)
Miss R. Caroline Kilgore

Parahyba, 1917.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Porter

Canhotinho.

*Dr. G. W. Butler
*Mrs. G. W. Butler

MID CHINA MISSION [74]

Hangchow, 1867.

Mrs. J. L. Stuart, Sr.
Miss E. B. French
*Miss Emma Boardman
Rev. and Mrs. Warren H. Stuart
Miss Annie R. V. Wilson
Rev. and Mrs. R. J. McMullen
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson
Miss Rebecca E. Wilson
Rev. G. W. Painter, Pulaski, Va.
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Blain
Miss Nettie McMullen
Miss Sophie P. Graham
Miss Frances Stribling

Shanghai.

*Rev. and Mrs. S. I. Woodbridge
Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Caldwell

Kashing, 1895.

Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson
*Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable
Miss Elizabeth Talbot
*Rev. and Mrs. Lowry Davis
*Miss Irene Hawkins
Miss Elizabeth Corriher
Miss Florence Nickles
*Miss Mildred Watkins
*Miss Sade A. Nisbet
†Mr. S. C. Farrior
Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Crawford
Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Hopkins
Rev. and Mrs. J. Y. McGinnis
Miss R. Elinore Lynch
Miss Kittie McMullen

Kiangyin, 1895.

Rev. and Mrs. L. I. Moffett
Rev. Lacy L. Little
Dr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Worth
*Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allison
Miss Rida Jourolman
Mrs. Anna McG. Sykes
Miss Ida M. Albaugh
Miss Carrie L. Moffett
Miss Venie J. Lee, M. D.
Miss Anna M. Sykes

Nanking.

Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Stuart
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hutcheson
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Shields (Tsin-anfu)
Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Price

Soochow, 1872.

*Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson
Miss Addie M. Sloan
Miss Gertrude Sloan
Mrs. M. P. McCormick
Rev. and Mrs. P. C. DuBose
*Mrs. R. A. Haden
Miss Irene McCain
Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Young
*Mrs. Nancy Smith Farmer
Rev. Henry L. Reaves
Miss Lois Young
*Rev. and Mrs. H. Maxey Smith

N. KIANGSU MISSION [76]

Chinkiang, 1883.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Sydenstricker
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Paxton
Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Richardson
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw

Taichow, 1908.

Rev. T. L. Harnsberger
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. B. Price
Rev. Chas. Ghiselin, Jr.

Hsuehoufu, 1897.

Mrs. Mark B. Grier, M. D.
Dr. and Mrs. A. A. McFadyen
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. P. Stevens
*Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. O. V. Armstrong
Rev. Lewis H. Lancaster
Miss Eliza A. Neville

Hwaiianfu, 1904.

Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Woods
Miss Josephine Woods
Rev. and Mrs. O. F. Yates
Miss Lillian C. Wells
Miss Lily Woods
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. N. Montgomery

Yencheng, 1909.

Rev. and Mrs. H. W. White
*Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Hancock
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hewett
Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Smitth

Sutsien, 1893.

*Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Bradley
Rev. B. C. Patterson
Mrs. B. C. Patterson, M. D.
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. McLaughlin
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Junkin
Mr. H. W. McCutchan
Miss Mada McCutchan
Miss M. M. Johnston
Miss B. McRobert

Tsing-kiang-pu, 1897.

Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Graham, Jr.
*Dr. and Mrs. James B. Woods
Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Talbot
Miss Jessie D. Hall
Miss Sallie M. Lacy
*Miss Nellie Sprunt
Miss Agnes Woods
Dr. and Mrs. L. Nelson Bell
Rev. and Mrs. H. Kerr Taylor

Tonghai, 1908.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Vinson
L. S. Morgan, M. D.
Mrs. L. S. Morgan, M. D.
Rev. and Mrs. Thos. B. Grafton
Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Rice

CUBA MISSION [5]

Cardenas, 1899.

Miss M. E. Craig
Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Wharton
Miss Margaret M. Davis

Caibarien, 1891.

Miss Mary I. Alexander
†Miss Janie Evans Patterson
†Rev. H. B. Someillan

Placetas, 1909.

None.

Camajuani, 1910.

Miss Edith McC. Houston
†Rev. and Mrs. Ezequiel D. Torree

Sagua, 1914.

*Rev. and Mrs. Juan Orts y Gonsales
Rev. and Mrs. J. O. Sbelby

JAPAN MISSION [42]

Kobe, 1890.

Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Fulton
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Myers
Rev. and Mrs. W. McS. Buchanan

Kochi, 1885.

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. McIlwaine
Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Munroe
*Miss Estelle Lumpkin
Miss Annie H. Dowd

Nagoya, 1867.

*Miss Leila G. Kirtland
Rev. and Mrs. R. E. McAlpine
Rev. and Mrs. L. C. McC. Smytbe

Gifu.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Buchanan
Miss Elizabeth O. Buchanan

<p>Susaki, 1898. Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Moore Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Brady</p> <p>Takamatsu, 1898. Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Erickson Miss M. J. Atkinson Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Hassell</p> <p>Marugame, 1917. Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Hassell</p> <p>Tokushima, 1889. Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Logan *Miss Lillian W. Curd Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Ostrom</p> <p>Toyohashi, 1902. Rev. and Mrs. C. K. Cummings</p> <p>Okazaki, 1912. Miss Florence Patton Miss Annie V. Patton Rev. and Mrs. C. Darby Fulton</p> <p>CHOSEN MISSION. [6]</p>	<p>Kunsan, 1896. Rev. and Mrs. Wm. F. Bull Miss Julia Dysart *Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Patterson Rev. John McEachern Mr. Wm. A. Linton Miss Elise J. Shepping Miss Lavalette Dupuy Rev. and *Mrs. W. B. Harrison *Miss Lillie O. Lathrop Rev. D. Jas. Cumming</p> <p>Kwangju, 1898. Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Bell Rev. S. K. Dodson Miss Mary Dodson Mrs. C. C. Owen *Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Hill Miss Ella Graham Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Wilson *Miss Anna McQueen Rev. and Mrs. J. V. N. Talmage Rev. and Mrs. Robert Knox *Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swinehart Miss Esther B. Matthews</p> <p>Mokpo, 1898. Rev. and Mrs. H. D. McCallie *Miss Julia Martin Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Nisbet Miss Ada McMurphy Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Leadingham Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Newland Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Parker Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Crane</p>	<p>Soonchun, 1913. Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Preston Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Coit Miss Meta L. Biggar Miss Anna L. Greer *Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Timmons Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Crane Dr. and Mrs. J. McL. Rogers</p> <p>MEXICO MISSION [11]</p> <p>Linares, 1887. Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Ross</p> <p>Matamoros, 1874. Miss Alice J. McClelland San Angel, D. F. Mexico</p> <p>San Benito, Texas. Miss Anne E. Dysart</p> <p>Brownsville, Texas. Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Ross</p> <p>Montemorelos, 1884. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Morrow</p> <p>C. Victoria, 1880. Miss E. V. Lee Miss Janet H. Houston Missions, 10 Occupied Stations, 53 Missionaries, 374 Associate Workers, 11</p>
<p>Chunju, 1896. Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Tate Miss Mattie S. Tate Rev. and Mrs. L. O. McCutchen Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Clark Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds *Miss Susanna A. Colton Rev. S. D. Winn Miss Emily Winn *Miss E. E. Kestler *Miss Lillian Austin Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Eversole Dr. and Mrs. M. O. Robertson Miss Sadie Buckland</p>	<p>Mokpo, 1898. Rev. and Mrs. H. D. McCallie *Miss Julia Martin Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Nisbet Miss Ada McMurphy Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Leadingham Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Newland Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Parker Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Crane</p>	<p>Montemorelos, 1884. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Morrow</p> <p>C. Victoria, 1880. Miss E. V. Lee Miss Janet H. Houston Missions, 10 Occupied Stations, 53 Missionaries, 374 Associate Workers, 11</p> <p>*On furlough, or in United States. Dates opposite names of stations indicate year stations were opened. †Associate workers. For postoffice address, etc., see page below.</p>

Stations, Postoffice Addresses.

AFRICA—For Bulape, Luebo, Mutoto.—Luebo, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission, par Kinshasa. For Lusambo—Lusambo, Sankuru District, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission, par Kinshasa.

E. BRAZIL—For Lavras—"Lavras, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil." For Bom Successo, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil. For Piumhy—"Piumhy, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

W. BRAZIL—For Campinas—"Campinas, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Descalvado—"Descalvado Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Braganca—"Braganca, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Paulo—"Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Itu—"Itu, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Sebastiao de Paraiso—"Sao Sebastiao de Paraiso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

N. BRAZIL—For Canhotinho—"Canhotinho, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Garanhuns—"Garanhuns, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Natal—"Rio Grande de Norte, Brazil." For Pernambuco—"Recife, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Parahyba—"Rio Grande do Norte, Brazil."

CHINA—Mid-China Mission—For Tunghiang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tunghiang, via Shanghai China." For Hangchow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hangchow, China." For Shanghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Shanghai, China." For Kashing—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Kashing, via Shanghai, China." For Kiangyin—"Kiangyin, via Shanghai, China." For Nanking—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission Nanking, China." For Soochow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Soochow, China." North Kiangsu Mission—For Chinkiang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Chinkiang, China." For Taichow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Taichow, via Chinkiang, China." For Hsuehou-fu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hsuehou-fu, Ku, China." For Hwaianfou—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hwaianfou—via Chinkiang, China." For Sutsien—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Sutsien, via Chinkiang, China." For Tsing-Kiang-Pu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tsing-Kiang-Pu, via Chinkiang, China." For Tonghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tonghai, via Chinkiang, China." For Yencheng—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Yencheng, Kiangsu, China."

CUBA—For Cardenas—"Cardenas, Cuba." For Caibarien—"Caibarien, Cuba." For Camajuani—"Camajuani, Cuba." For Placetas—"Placetas, Cuba." For Sagua—"la Grande, Cuba."

JAPAN—For Kobe—"Kobe, Setzu Province, Japan." For Koehi—"Kochi, Tosa Province, Japan." For Nagoya—"Nagoya, Owari Province, Japan." For Susaki—"Susaki, Tosa Province, Japan." For Takamatsu—"Takamatsu, Sanuki Province, Japan." For Tokushima—"Tokushima, Awa Province, Japan." For Toyohashi—"Toyohashi, Mikawa, Province, Japan." Okazaki—"Okazaki, Mikawa Province, Japan." For Marugame—"Marugame, Sanuki Province, Japan."

CHOSEN—For Chunju—"Chunju, Chosen, Asia." For Kunsan—"Kunsan, Chosen, Asia." For Kwangju—"Kwangju, Chosen, Asia." For Mokpo—"Mokpo, Chosen, Asia." For Seoul—"Seoul, Chosen, Asia." For Soonchun—"Soonchun, Chosen, Asia."

MEXICO MISSION—For Linares—"Linares, Nuevo Leon, Mexico." For Matamoros—"Matamoros, Tamaulipas, Mexico." For Montemorelos—"Montemorelos, Nuevo Leon, Mexico." For C. Victoria—"C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico."

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